THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 314 — NUMBER 4069

JULY 1, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DR. SUN AND HIS PLANS

THE *North China Herald* publishes an interview with Dr. Sun Yat-sen in which that gentleman, 'smiling amiably,' related how he had planned to entice Wu Pei-fu into his own territories, where he could surround him in the mountains and finish him. The Southern Republic 'did not have the sort of equipment, artillery, and all that sort of thing, to meet him on the plain.'

The South China President believes in labor movements and said: 'I encourage labor organization here, but I have no connection with it.' An American army officer present remarked that labor unions might go to extremes in their radicalism, whereupon Dr. Sun observed: 'Not in China. The Chinese never go to extremes in anything.' When he was told that employers in China who had introduced modern machinery, so that they needed fewer men, were forced by the labor unions to support many hundreds of their former employees in idleness, he remarked: 'The solution is simple. All such employers have to do is to buy more machinery, so that they can give work to the extra men. I believe in state ownership of big industries, anyway. Such people as your Rockefeller and your Carnegie should have their enterprises taken over by the state.'

Discussing the special paper currency which he has put into circulation in a few districts, the President admitted that there was no silver reserve behind this note issue, and that the notes bore no promise to pay, simply carrying the inscription, 'One Dollar.' He said: —

> We have found that it is not necessary to provide a cash reserve or to promise to redeem paper money on demand. The security for the notes is the work which we have done with them. We do not use them to pay our troops, but to pay labor on public works, such as roads. The roads are then security for them, and they can eventually be redeemed by the income from these public works. We have found this to be thoroughly practical finance. The people accept our notes eagerly. They come to us with their local paper and their small silver coinage to exchange for our paper.

If this statement is true, the traditionally conservative Chinamen have become remarkably gullible graspers for new things, compared with the still more conservative Turks, who defeated inflationist schemes in their country during the war by their reluctance to accept any currency but gold and silver.

Copyright 1922, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS IN ENGLAND

THE British Industrial League and Council, of which Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* and president of the last International Labor Conference at Geneva, is president, has recently addressed a letter to the *Daily Herald*, the organ of the British Laborists. This letter begins by declaring that 'the ultimate aim and purpose of Industry needs to be restated in the light of present-day conditions and facts.' Employers' organizations and trade unions cannot do this, because they take partisan views.

The facts that lie behind the apparent conflict of ideals and interests are few and simple. Peace in industry is impossible until they are ascertained. *All* the interests of capital and labor are not identical, and an entente between the two must be founded on a mutual recognition by each of the essentials of the other's position. On both sides 'considerations exist that admit of no compromise. Those on the employers' side centre around freedom of initiative, development, and expansion; those on the side of the employed, around the problems of security, reward, and treatment.'

Therefore the League proposes that representatives of both sides who are in touch with facts, opinions, and personalities in their respective branches of industry should meet, in more or less continuous session, to study the problems thus presented, and to formulate policies regarding them. The facts of the situation, as the representatives of the League see them, are as follows:—

1. The people of Great Britain rely for their livelihood, security, and comfort upon their industrial and commercial ability to produce commodities of a quality high enough and at prices low enough to attract purchasers in the markets of the world.

2. To ensure this, while providing remuneration and working conditions on the level of living and civilization already attained in this country, and the possibility of further progress, our industries must be operated at a high pitch of technical and productive efficiency, with adequate incentives for invention and development.

3. The mechanical side of industry has been raised, by the research work and invention of the past century, to a high level, but the cardinal defect in present-day industrial affairs is the overt or covert friction between its human factors and the lack of willing coöperation between the managerial, supervisory, and operative functions.

4. To secure the requisite level of technical and productive efficiency, the human individuals involved, from the directorate downward, should work as a team united in the pursuit of an objective mutually understood and supported. This involves recognition that all sections are complementary factors of each other, however wide their diversity of function.

5. Clash of interest, idea, or action creates internal friction which diminishes the efficiency of the whole. The more directors, managers, supervisors, and workers realize the common purpose of their work, adjusting differences as they arise, and arranging harmonious relations between the various working parts, the sooner will internal friction be diminished, and the skill, energy, and will, thus wastefully absorbed, be liberated for creative and therefore effective and pleasurable work.

6. Any factor present in current administration of industry that tends to prevent harmonious working should be eliminated, or at least modified, if the entire removal would be detrimental to efficiency or discipline.

7. Many factors not yet in general use could be extended with advantage. For instance, the value of persistent and unwavering courtesy as a factor inducing harmony and a stimulus to effective activity has yet to be explored and practised.

8. More specific questions should receive careful consideration and application where possible. Under this head come: works committees and joint industrial councils; profit-sharing and bonus arrangements,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

welfare works, sports, and social organizations; joint educational activities.

George Lansbury, replying to this document in the same issue of the *Daily Herald*, is struck by the fact that its signers 'appear to imagine that what is wrong in the world of Industry to-day is simply that we do not understand each other' — that goodwill and mutual consideration are mainly needed to restore harmony.

There is no recognition of the fact that our social and industrial life is based on warfare; that the spoils of the fight are to those who are the keenest, the cleverest, and often the most selfish; that in this war, if you desire success, you cannot afford to be generous — you must fight and get the advantage over your opponents, or they will conquer you.

The labor issue is not only between employers and employees, but between skilled and unskilled workers.

The development of scientific management and the continued increase in labor-saving machinery are putting before us all a problem which we shall find impossible of solution within the limits of Capitalism. By mass production, made possible by the continual development of machine power, the workers working in combination daily produce more than they and their class are able to buy back with the wages paid them. It is this fact that produces abundance of goods, together with unemployment, which creates the condition when men and women starve because of the abundance they have created. . . . No one set of people is to blame for this; it is the anarchy of competitive industry which is alone responsible.

*

THE MOSCOW TRIALS

A POSSIBILITY — only a remote one — exists that the trial of the Social Revolutionaries now being held in Moscow may prove a disruptive force in the Socialist Government and the Third International, more perilous for these organizations than the direct attacks that have been launched against them by Deniken or Wrangel. Forty-seven members of the Social Revolutionary Party, including men of world-wide fame because of their long struggle against tsarism, are charged with serious crimes committed more than three years ago, including a plot to assassinate Lenin and other Bolshevist leaders.

These men have been held in prison since that time, although no formal charge was brought against them until this spring. They are accused upon the evidence of an informer of doubtful reputation who previously belonged to the Social Revolutionary Party. He is a man who has served both with and against the Bolsheviki, and on one occasion is supposed to have been commissioned to kill Lenin. The three charges against the accused are: (*a*) that they took part in the civil war against the present Government; (*b*) that they plotted the assassination of representatives of the Soviet Government; (*c*) that they received money from both the Entente and the Imperial German Government for use against the Bolsheviki.

The accused admit the first charge. The Social Revolutionaries advocate violence, which creates the presumption that the second charge also may be true. However, many sympathizers with the Bolsheviki throughout Europe evidently believe that the present trial will not be a fair one, and Trade Unionists, Independent Socialists, and other organizations representing the revolutionary proletariat have protested publicly against it.

Early last spring Anatole France, who is a member of the Communist Party, dispatched the following telegram to the Soviet Government: —

In the name of humanity, in the highest interests of the world proletariat, do not take any measure against your political ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versaries that may be interpreted as inspired by thirst for vengeance. By so doing you would inflict an irreparable wound upon the grand cause of freedom for the workers of the world.

Maria Spiridonova, one of the best-known Social Revolutionists of Russia, who has spent years in prison — sometimes under the Bolshevist authorities — for her efforts in behalf of the liberty of her country, and who has until recently supported the present régime in Moscow, about the same time addressed an open letter to the Soviet Government, from which we quote the following paragraph: —

We register against you, against the Cheka, against the local Chekas, revolutionary acts — tortures inflicted upon the bodies and the souls of your victims. Robberies, beatings, murders — murders without reason, without investigation, upon the strength of a simple denunciation, a simple unverified accusation. You have killed peasants and workingmen because they have demanded a fair election for the Soviets, because they have protested against an arbitrary tyranny unknown to the Tsars, against torture chambers conducted by your Cheka, and against the brutal outrages of your organized detachments. You have killed them for the slightest show of their justifiable revolutionary indignation. . . . Misuno [one of the revolutionary leaders] was cruelly tortured before his execution because he refused to dig his own grave. Makhno dug his grave only after receiving a promise that he might address the spectators before his death, and his last words were: 'Long live the Socialist world-revolution.' A moment later your executioner cut him down.

*

A NEW GENTLEMAN'S UNDERSTANDING

COMMENTING upon the recent understanding between Great Britain and Italy, *Corriere della Sera* says: —

We support England, and we support English policy, because we seek precisely what these seek: European reconstruction, a new equilibrium in Europe, and the utmost endeavor by all to live together in peace. This is why the Italian delegation loyally supported Lloyd George at Genoa every time a rupture with Russia or new friction with Germany threatened to occur. Italy and England were following the same path. But our relations with that country are those of a collaborator, not of a dependent.

However, it is not enough to agree on principles and purposes. We must also agree on details and methods.

Corriere della Sera is a traditional advocate of Anglo-Italian friendship. Guglielmo Ferrero, writing in *Secolo*, cautions Italy against placing faith in the England of Lloyd George. That statesman is so deeply committed to the Versailles Treaty that he is estopped from radical action to remedy the evils which flow from that treaty. By refusing to discuss freedom of the seas, he left America without a vital interest in the Paris settlement. By his 'khaki' campaign he committed England to an impossible Reparations policy. England is as responsible as any other signatory power for the Versailles Treaty, and is not entitled to stand one side and criticize its results. The Versailles Treaty must be enforced, revised, or annulled. There is no fourth solution. No one of the three possible solutions is imaginable without the consent and coöperation of all the signatory powers. Ferrero says: —

Europe finds herself in the worst dilemma in which she has been involved for centuries. The trap in which the signers of the Versailles Treaty find themselves is such that it is a capital piece of good fortune for a public man to be in private life to-day. . . . It looks as if nothing could be done just now but wait until the blunders that have been committed cause the inevitable crisis, in the hope that they may then produce their own antitoxin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So Italy seems simultaneously to court and to distrust joining hands with Great Britain. She cannot become an immediate party to a guaranty treaty protecting France against Germany, because her interests conflict too sharply with those of certain members of the Little Entente, which would be virtually included among its signers and beneficiaries. However, a quasi-alliance with England alone would make Italy a moral supporter of any guaranty treaty that Britain might conclude independently with France.

Mr. Schanzer, the Foreign Minister of Italy, emphasized, in an interview with a representative of *La Stampa*, that such a treaty would not be directed against France. He had discussed the project with Barthou himself. The substance of the proposal is that

> the traditional friendship between England and Italy shall be transformed, if the two nations so desire, into something more tangible. If public opinion favors the step, Italy and England will sit down at a table and adopt a definite general understanding upon questions of interest to both countries. . . . The two nations have always been in harmony as to their broad lines of international policy. We have always considered war as a painful necessity, not as a joyous adventure. The dominance of a single power on the Continent has likewise had serious consequences for both of us.

*

MEN OF MANY MINDS

As the Genoa Conference drifts into the shadows of oblivion, — very rapidly, too, in these days when the spotlight of publicity darts with almost lightning speed from one object to another, — some echoes of the way it impressed observers still linger in the foreign press. Its most distinguished reporter, of course, was Mr. Lloyd George himself, who strikes the high key of optimism. In an interview shortly after his return, given to a representative of the *Daily Telegraph*, he described how 'nations which were hardly on speaking terms with each other met around the same table, interchanged civilities and courtesies, and discussed their prospective problems without heat.' Even the Bolsheviki, he believed, were perfectly sincere in their desire for peace; but they had to deal with public opinion at home exactly as every other nation has to do. They have a very wild, undisciplined, fanatical public concentrated in their towns, with a power which is far beyond their numbers.

Referring to the conclusion of the peace pact, Lloyd George said: —

> It was a most dramatic and solemn scene. We each stood up and made the solemn declaration in response to the request of the President of the Conference. I stood up first; then the representatives of the British Dominions, then of India, and then of each nation, were called on in alphabetical order. It was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable scenes witnessed at any conference, and I have seen more conferences than almost any man living.

He added that the bitter state of sentiment this indicated would endure.

> It represents a very deep-seated feeling in the hearts of the people. . . . They are tired of fighting, quarreling, and disturbing the peace of nations by conflicts that bring no good to anybody. The people, I am convinced, want peace. There is a passionate desire for peace wherever I have been.

And in reply to the question whether this applied to France, he said: 'I have not the faintest doubt that the overwhelming majority of the people in France want peace. Of that I am assured by everyone.' The Premier also informed the House of Commons that the representatives of the thirty-four nations that attended 'met in perfect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

harmony' and 'discussed the question in dispute . . . in a spirit of perfect amity, right up to the very last hour of the Conference.'

Now compare with this a letter by Maurice Pernot, a representative of the *Journal des Débats* at the Conference:—

> Now that we have got away, can we tell what we think? The representatives of the three great Powers of Europe played before assembled Europe a most sinister and shameful comedy. England and Italy unceasingly spun intrigues, set traps, and lied. France pretended not to notice it. . . . We have lived for a month in an atmosphere of perfidy and falsehood. . . . The spectacle at Genoa has been scandalous, lamentable, unworthy of Europe. . . . We have seen the heads of governments, influential and honored public men, staking the future of their country in a game for political prestige at home.

And so on, through a whole column of fine print!

Austin Harrison, editor of the *English Review*, believes that Lloyd George failed at Genoa because he ignored America. The French 'made no such intelligence mistake.' They had, in this writer's opinion, sounded our Government and ascertained that we would not treat with the Bolsheviki. That made Poincaré's course easy. Russia wanted credit, and with America out of the game, credit for Russia was impossible. France seized on that cardinal point.

> French opposition was thus implicitly American opposition. French nervousness at the wiles and pranks of Britain's versatile Prime Minister changed overnight into exultation. The French blunder at Washington over submarines was rectified, in part, automatically. Poincaré knew all along that in blocking our Premier he was acting on behalf of the absent guest.

However, while Lloyd George seemed on this occasion to have lost his cunning, he regained his soul. 'In a real sense, the Premier has acquired merit. He has stood for construction as against wreckage, and fought for it like Don Quixote. Men like that.' Nor has the Premier lost his old-time skill. When the Conference had 'got to the sticking-place, and no result seemed inevitable, oil was pronounced one morning in a newspaper. The Bolsheviki were selling out to the "Shells." . . . A mere threat, probably a complete canard, brought America with a bound into the arena, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan got on the first boat.'

And Mr. Lloyd George still has another trump up his sleeve. Had he risen in plenary council and said: 'Since America won't help, we must help ourselves. . . . We owe about fifty billion pounds, and even owe America a sum and interest which exceeds the total annual gold production of the world. . . . We cannot pay. I propose a European paper standard of currency based, not on gold, but on the scientific value of land'—had Lloyd George made that remark, Genoa 'would have been a howling success,' for America's credit-power, which holds Europe in leash, is due solely to the retention of gold as a monetary standard.

So Genoa ends with honors easy. 'If the French beat Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Pierpont Morgan sockets the French. If America defeated Moscow, Chicherin undoubtedly "drew" America.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHINA'S NEW LABOR MOVEMENT

BY RODNEY GILBERT

From the *North China Herald, April* 29
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

WE had a parade in Canton to-day as long as a Tuchun's funeral procession. It had nothing to do with burying or marrying, however, and there was nothing gay or splendid about it except the flags and banners which served to distinguish one marching unit from another. There were no costumes in it which the man or woman who earns twenty cents a day could not easily afford. It was a mile long and there was not a pair of socks in the line. There would not have been any shoes, either, if any of the participants had been abroad about his or her normal business. Apart from the fact that they were 'all dressed up' in a pair of shoes each, the paraders were uniformed throughout in the conventional costume of the coolie laborer — a cotton jacket and a pair of cotton trousers.

In the ordinary course of events you do not have to tiptoe in a crowd or hang over a balcony in any Chinese city to see a good many thousand of these people go by. If you struggle from one end of any tortuous alley in Canton to another you will probably bump shoulders with a good many more of them than participated in this parade to-day. Yet the average visitor to Canton, whether he be Chinese or foreign, is certain to stand and watch these people, when they do get out and parade, with as much fascination and with a good deal more thoughtful interest than the tourist who has the good luck to witness a state funeral in Peking. For this is one of the new things under the Chinese sun — organized labor demonstrating.

To-day the appeal was for woman suffrage. There were big banners in the procession calling attention to the fact that 'We Want To Vote,' 'We Want Our Civic Rights,' and similar yearnings. In Canton this occasions no surprise. Everyone is used to these expressions of growing desire and to such processions. According to the labor leaders, one third of the population of the city participates in such demonstrations, expresses such desires, and takes great delight in it all. The other two thirds look on, either with indifference or with an uncomfortable sense of something unpleasant impending.

The foreign residents and the wealthy Chinese merchants — 'the capitalists,' as they now are in the new language which is spoken much more fluently by the boatwomen who fight for your luggage, when you land in Canton, than by the literati — share to a man that sense of impending trouble. A great many of the officials now share it, but very few of them will confess to it. The philosophical reformers see in this movement both good and evil possibilities — a very big possibility of imminent trouble, but an equally big possibility of ultimate good.

The one attitude that all in South China agree upon is that this labor movement has discovered in the Chinese, in the Cantonese at all events, a latent power of perfect organization and flawless discipline. All agree that it must not be ignored and that it cannot be summarily or arbitrarily sup-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressed. The very vital question of the future is: 'Can it be sanely led?' And any discussion of this point immediately brings up the bitterly debated question of how it is being led, and to what purpose. It is impossible to answer any of these questions with assurance and decision, as the writer has discovered after listening for a week to so many divergent views that he has despaired of bringing any order out of the riot of positive opinion, without running the risk of being unfair.

If one interviews the labor leaders one comes away with the statement, if not with the perfect conviction, that the labor movement is a natural economic reaction — the only possible alternative, for the manual worker, to starvation and extinction. It can be accurately proved to the outsider that the wage scale has been unelastic, almost wholly uninfluenced by material progress, while the purchasing power of the Canton dollar to-day bears to the purchasing power of the Canton dollar in 1912 something like the ratio of the dinner plate to the thumb nail.

To the foreign resident in the South this is a good reason for the movement but does not account for many of its manifestations. The prospect of the Chinese working people fighting for wages that will buy them enough to eat and house them decently is certainly distressing to no one who believes that these people have the right to live at all. It is the appearance, in the methods and ritual of the movement, of features that are obviously imported which is disturbing; of language formulas cropping up in Cantonese speech which have been incorporated in Occidental tongues during great social upheavals which left scars upon civilization; of symbols which are associated in the foreign mind with trouble that has little to do with the purchasing power of the dollar.

Then there is the ineradicable suspicion that, however fair the economic purpose of the movement may be and however essential it may be to the comfort and health of the working people, it is neither spontaneous nor inspired by altruistic reformers, but has been created, encouraged, and will be used, as a political weapon by certain elements in this part of China who have yet to learn that it is a two-edged sword which, in clumsy or mischievous hands, may prove as disconcerting to friends as to foes.

In this parade which we had to-day there were Chinese flags, banners with the Chinese character *kung* (labor) on them, banners proclaiming the desire for universal suffrage, and other trade emblems — the symbols of the boatwomen, the carpenters, the butchers, the cigarette-makers, and what not. On many other banners there was painted a hemisphere, with the edges of two continents showing and the usual ocean between them, with two hands clasped across the pictures. There has been some talk of the antiforeign character of the union movement here. The general display of such an emblem, which would be interpreted at first sight as a graphic proclamation of international amity, would seem to dispose of any such suspicion. This symbol, however, was not invented in China. The writer has never seen it displayed in Europe, but he has a clear recollection of having seen it on banners at gatherings in America of highly unsavory and violently disposed persons.

Of course no one believes that the decidedly innocent-looking, hard-working, and self-respecting Chinese who walked in to-day's procession have any idea of the sinister significance of their friendly-looking Socialist banner — associated in America with extremist movements — in the mind of a foreign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spectator, but it does awaken in the mind of the foreign spectator a strong desire to know who and what are inspiring this movement.

A great deal of the foreign comment upon the growth of the labor organizations here is undoubtedly hysterical, and would give the unjust impression that these Chinese coolies and artisans, who still show the traditional Chinese anxiety to work at heartbreaking tasks from dawn till dark, and to carry on by lamplight if they can afford the lamp, are a lot of malevolent political conspirators.

But the hysteria is not all on the foreign side. There are several newspapers here, the acknowledged organs of the labor organizations, which interpret Marxian Socialism — the creed which carried Lenin and Trotskii back from exile on a wave of fiery enthusiasm — with a great deal more assurance and a profounder faith than can be found in any exposition of the same doctrines in the Moscow papers to-day.

Coincidentally with labor demonstrations, a certain amount of Communistic literature was recently circulated, — printed in red ink on white paper, — including a manifesto that was of the most hysterical Communistic type, and a number of bloodcurdling anonymous letters, some of which were addressed to prominent foreigners. One of these, addressed to a well-known official, promised that for the three Chinese killed and eight wounded in the unhappy shooting-affair in Hongkong some weeks ago, thirty British lives would be taken and eighty British persons would be mangled and mutilated. The gentleman addressed was one of the thirty whose light was to be extinguished.

The local labor leaders disclaim all knowledge of the source of either the manifesto or the letters, but from time to time one or another of them gives voice to sentiments in language which sounds suspiciously like that in which the manifesto was couched.

For instance, there has been a provincial association of chambers of commerce formed here recently, which includes delegates from overseas, and which adopts a much more liberal attitude toward the labor movement and a more sympathetic attitude toward Dr. Sun's Government than the conservative Canton Chamber of Commerce. At the initial meeting of this new body some days ago, — a meeting attended by a few local officials and by several foreign guests, — a certain Mr. Huang Huan-t'ing, head of the 'Federation of Labor,' president of the Mechanics' Union, and an officeholder in the municipal government under Mayor Sun Fo, took it upon himself to rise and harangue the members of the new association upon Communism, the capitalists, and foreign aggression. The capitalists were heartily damned, Communism received ardent praise, and the foreigners were invited to come on with their gunboats and their soldiers, and appraised of the fact that the Chinese workers were ready for 'em.

These sentiments were obviously approved by the gathering, but Mayor Sun Fo told a foreign friend who sat next to him that Mr. Huang talked so fast that it was impossible for him, the Mayor, to understand him. Little incidents like this are not the sort of soothing syrup which allays hysterical thinking among foreigners.

A few weeks ago the local merchants began to get panicky about the Kwangtung provincial bank-notes. Rumor went about that there was not much of a silver reserve behind the notes, and that if there were any disorder — as at that time threatened — the bank would close. On the strength of such gossip the cash shops immediately started discounting the notes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the interest of the Government and themselves, the unions at once took 'direct action.' They notified the merchants, the banks, and the exchange shops, that a paper dollar had to change for a dollar in silver small coinage. With the usual system and thoroughness which characterizes these unions, patrols were sent out in every part of the city. Half-a-dozen or a dozen men marched along in single file. A banner carried by the leader announced their mission, sashes worn by the men in line and covered with Chinese characters reiterated their purpose, and a large revolver carried by the last man in line in a police holster on a police belt proved their determination. Any merchant or exchange-shop proprietor who refused to give a dollar in silver for a paper dollar was 'arrested' by the union patrols under the noses of the uniformed police of the Canton municipality and at the point of large revolvers stolen from the police. There were no counter arrests. Many of the merchants yielded and accepted the paper at face value with what complacency they could, and many others simply closed and barred their doors. The unions (and incidentally the Government and the Government bank) of course won and the laborers had a victory parade.

The two best-known labor leaders in the present movement are Huang Huan-t'ing, of the so-called Federation of Labor, who made the fiery speech at the initial meeting of the associated chambers of commerce, and Mr. Hsieh Yin-po, who is the organizer and head of the Mutual Aid Society, an organization of a socialistic character which controls several papers, provides the facilities for coöperation among the unions, and which built up the wholly perfect organization of the seamen's strike and the sympathetic strike which followed it.

Huang is a workingman and has a machine shop. The officials here take delight in indicating this, thereby proving to their own satisfaction that he is a capitalist because he owns property and employs laborers, and that he cannot therefore be a Communist.

Hsieh Yin-po is not of the type of the ignorant and beetle-browed demagogue. He is a remarkably stout and genial middle-aged man, obviously well read and well informed. He is a member of Parliament and until recently was, by Government appointment, librarian of the Canton Public Library.

Hsieh's office is on one of the new broad highways, within an easy stone's throw of the Finance Bureau and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. To find him, one enters a narrow doorway where soldiers stand guard and present arms to sockless union leaders, with the dust of their trades behind their ears, with as much snap as though a division commander were going in. When Hsieh Yin-po walks down the street the policemen salute him and the people step aside and remove their hats to him. To-day when the suffrage parade passed the headquarters, each group of workmen and workwomen stopped before the place to wave their banners and cheer lustily. This is all startlingly new in China.

Having passed the doorway of the Mutual Aid Society, the visitor climbs a long ladder-like flight of steps and finds himself in an assembly room that resembles a schoolroom. A group of loiterers, who look like intelligent workmen, tell the visitor that he must climb higher, so he stumbles up another steep dark flight and emerges in another schoolroom, where there is another group of intelligent young men. Some of them speak a little English, others speak good Mandarin.

One very courteous little man, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looks as though he had spent many years in an atmosphere of soot and engine oil, proves to be a Cantonese from the Kin-Han railway shops at Chang Hsin Tien, just outside Peking. He is interested in the railway men's union in the North and has been telling Hsieh Yin-po a lot about it. These men guide the visitor to the back of the building, where he is greeted by the ponderous Mr. Hsieh himself.

He sits at a roll-top desk, with a few articles of modern office furniture about him. Members of his family go and come or gossip in the corners. It is all very informal, and while Mr. Hsieh smiles a heavy smile of welcome and puts himself at the visitor's disposal with great good-humor, it is rather difficult to realize that the Hongkong strike — which threw the shipping of the whole Pacific out of joint — was directed with such wonderful finesse from this obscure throne-room.

Mr. Hsieh told the writer that he was a member of Parliament and had held a small Government appointment. He insisted that neither his organization nor any other labor body was politically inspired or supported. In Peking he had been an expectant or alternate member of Parliament, but had never sat with that body until the old Parliament had been reassembled in Canton, when a vacancy occurred which he now occupied. In 1915 he had gone abroad, had become interested in Socialism, and had joined the Socialist Party in New York. He said he was a Socialist of the American type and not a Communist.

He denied all knowledge of the origin of the Communist literature in circulation and said that his acquaintance with a local Russian Communist, who represents the Chita Government, was casual only. He said that the only objects of his Mutual Aid Society were to provide a medium through which the unions could coöperate for bettering their material condition, to improve their educational facilities and set higher educational standards among working people, and to put the socialistic doctrines before the Chinese people. Hsieh Yin-po's knowledge of Karl Marx and his doctrines appears to be more than superficial.

All of these facts are of no great interest to the community here who would like to know more of Hsieh Yin-po's relations with Dr. Sun than anyone could expect Hsieh to tell. Nothing is admitted to the casual visitor but a common party affiliation, but the writer has seen a letter from Hsieh to a local school in which Hsieh says, in the most straightforward phraseology, that Dr. Sun is fully informed of his work, approves it, and supports it.

Hsieh himself says, moreover, that while he is supposed to represent the radical wing of the labor group, — as opposed to both the moderates and the old labor guilds which are now looked upon as a reactionary minority, — the most radical among his followers, the extremists, who are anarchists, nihilists, free-love advocates, and what not, are youngsters who are under the influence of the students, and that the local students in turn sit at the feet of the Cantonese students from the Peking Government University, than which there is nothing wilder and woollier in China.

Although the North can show no labor organization to compare with that which exists in Canton, Hsieh says it is not because the inspiration is lacking, but because the Northerners move more slowly and are in a less favorable environment.

While discussing with Hsieh Yin-po the possibility of a movement such as his, among an ill-informed and semi-illiterate 'proletariat' running amuck, the question of the army came up. Hsieh proved himself a true Marxian by remarking that there was no real

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field for labor propaganda or socialistic propaganda within the army, because the soldiers did not come from the industrial classes but were, for the most part, the sons of farmers — petty capitalists, in other words. In spite of this statement, one of the Mutual Aid Society's socialistic organs recently announced the formation of committees to carry the good word to the boys with the guns. A glimpse of the soldiers and police in the streets saluting the workmen's patrols also makes the visitor pause and think.

So much for Hsieh for the present; but this is not the last that China will hear from him. Many Cantonese officials say he is insincere and that he is exploiting this labor movement for selfish ends. This is not easy to prove. They rate the labor leaders as timid opportunists, who will shed no blood for any cause, because there is no natural field in China for a Communistic movement; and assert that if the labor organizations should attempt to try out the theories they preach, the leaders would be in full flight before the evening of the first day, and the whole organization would collapse, as a flimsy artificial structure built upon no foundation of fundamental need.

In theory this is true, so far as it bears upon the social structure of China, — which is still agrarian rather than industrial, — but it has yet to be demonstrated that this sanguine attitude is wholly justified. There was no considerable industrial proletariat in Russia when Kerensky was overthrown, and Russia was not an ideal field for the application of pure Marxism; but all the world knows that it has proved a wonderful field for unalloyed trouble. The really rich soil for the sort of thing that grew up in Russia from Lenin's harmless-looking Marxian seed, is to be found in a land peopled by illiterate men who have been deliberately starved and suppressed, mentally and morally, for a great many generations, and upon whom a little politics, — the proverbial little knowledge, — together with a good deal of spiritual elbow-room, acts like a goblet of synthetic whiskey.

In China there are about twice as many of these people as there were in Russia when Lenin came back. The Peking Government University, and men like Mr. Hsieh and Mr. Huang Huan-t'ing are supplying the little knowledge, while the Canton Government, for generous or selfish reasons, is supplying the elbowroom. It is this view of the situation which prompts hysteria among the foreigners. This is why talk of soviets and suchlike in China has the effect upon the foreigner that talk of evil spirits has upon the superstitious.

The union movement in Canton grew out of the old artisans' guilds, by virtue of inspiration from the North and the example set by strikers in Shanghai. There used to be seventy-two well-known guilds here, as everyone knows, and a number of obscure ones. The unions in Canton now number a few over two hundred and cover every conceivable branch of Chinese labor, with the possible exception of the scavengers who were some time ago denied a charter. Many of the old guilds have been subdivided. The carpenters' and woodworkers' guild, for instance, is now split up into several unions — the building carpenters' union, the woodcarvers' union, the furniture-makers' union, and so forth. There are corresponding unions in Hongkong and in half-a-dozen cities in this province. Here there are a hundred thousand workers enrolled, constituting a third of the population. They all pay dues, of course, not only into their union headquarters, but into such central organizations as the Mutual Aid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Society and the Federation of Labor as well, so that big strike funds are accumulated and money is available for political, as well as for relief, purposes.

The seamen's strike and its outcome have, of course, confirmed in the unionists a sense of their own importance and strength and have had a commensurate effect upon the position of the labor organizations in this community; but this particular strike was, after all, nothing but an incident, — little more than an accident, in fact, — and was neither the beginning nor the end of the labor movement. In both Canton and Hongkong there has been a veritable epidemic of strikes during the past year, economically justified for the most part and economically beneficial to the strikers. The economic phase of the movement, interesting as it may be to local employers of labor, both foreign and Chinese, is not a tenth part so interesting or so vital a study as the political possibilities.

These Chinese and foreigners, who have the capacity to look upon this surprising Chinese social development without emotion, agree among themselves that it is something which cannot be crushed or suppressed, and that if it is not to run wild it must be well and sanely led. They are also inclined to believe that it has an educational value, no matter what its tendency. If it is well directed, it is an even better medium than the student movement through which to convey sound democratic ideas to the people. If it is badly led, — whirled off upon wild tangents, — it is still to be regarded as an educational medium, on the principle that active thinking, even active wrong thinking, upon political questions, is better than traditional Chinese indifference, better than mental stagnation.

It is a good thing again, think the philosophers, — whether right or wrong, — because it is developing among the Chinese the power of organization outside the family and the clan. It is something with which to face and check the military — good, bad, and indifferent. Through it the Chinese will get into the habit of organizing, even though they go off on insane courses while they are about it.

If the whole movement runs amuck and results in anarchy and chaos, the philosophers see in that possibility the merit of the purgative. The apathy which makes the Tuchuns possible would be shattered and consumed, and everything that is associated with mandarinism would go up in smoke with that apathy.

'You foreigners must be surprised at nothing,' said Dr. Wu Ting-fang when discussing the labor movement. 'You must not be disconcerted if things happen which you have not foreseen. Things have begun to move and change so rapidly now that no Chinese can foresee what is coming from day to day. This recent strike came as a revelation to me, proving unsuspected capabilities in the Chinese people. We cannot face and deal with all these new things in the old-fashioned ways. If we want to lead in China and keep new ideas and new movements within sane bounds we shall have to be open-mindedly prepared for anything.'

31169

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET UKRAINE

BY COLIN ROSS

From *Vossische Zeitung, April* 30, *May* 4, 13, 17
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

NOTHING is harder than truly objective reporting. In South America I found that two immigrants who had resided for the same length of time in the same place would describe conditions there in the most different manner conceivable. How much harder it is to preserve an attitude of complete objectivity toward Russia, which has been described for years to the people of Central and Western Europe exclusively from biased standpoints, favoring either the Bolsheviki or their enemies, with the result that every Western reader has already more or less colored opinions on that country. I shall endeavor none the less to erase every prejudice and preconception from my mind in describing my eventful journey through this country, and I pray my reader to do the same when he peruses what follows.

About 5 P.M. we feel a sudden jar. Aha! The locomotive has arrived. But we shunt back and forth for hours until at last, toward ten o'clock, the Polish customs and passport officials appear on the scene. It is midnight before we proceed on our journey.

At Krivin, Bolshevist customs and passport inspectors enter our car. I confess I anticipate with a slight tremor this first meeting with out-and-out Bolsheviki on their native heath. No one is entirely free from the fancy that every Bolshevik is a wild and woolly fellow. So I am pleasantly surprised when two courteous gentlemen in neat uniforms enter. Thanks to a letter of recommendation from the Ukrainian Mission in Berlin, the formalities of my examination, which occurs by the light of a single candle, are swift and painless, and I find myself admitted without reserve to the hospitality of Soviet Ukraine.

Next morning the firs and pine trees of the great Slavata forest are filing deliberately past my car window. Four years ago I traveled over this same route. At that time Russian locomotives had already been fired with wood for several years, and I recall my surprise at discovering no visible evidences of timber exhaustion. Today the picture is the same: immense mountains of firewood on both sides of the railway, and seemingly endless and untouched forests immediately beyond them.

Toward midday we make a long stop at Sheptovka, where I have abundant time to look about me. Nothing seems to have changed much. At the railway station a few panes of glass have been replaced by shingles or sheets of lead, but otherwise things look as usual on the surface. The railway repair-shops are in a bad state; the machinery has been torn out. But the situation seems to have been saved temporarily. In the roundhouse are a number of serviceable locomotives, ranging all the way from wheezy little switch-engines to magnificent express-engines of the latest type.

A throng of people, all looking very much alike, has gathered at the station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They may have been soldiers or peasants or anything else in the world. The basis of their attire is invariably some old military garment — a tunic, overcoat, boots, or cap. There are fur caps of every conceivable shape and style. The people are sitting and lying down all over the tracks. A few women are among them. Without exception they carry heavy sacks. Free trading has been resumed in Russia, and the people here are trying to get to Kief to barter off their produce. Peasants, and above all demobilized soldiers and sailors, form most of the crowd. There are also professional traffickers and speculators, whom the most draconic penalties have not completely suppressed.

In fact, a free market has been set up in the station square at Sheptovka. Traders, both men and women, are peddling their wares to the crowd around them. The articles they offer are of the most varied character: old boots and garments, a few pieces of linen or woollen goods, and now and then magnificent old peasant embroideries.

The scene is both picturesque and grotesque. There a man leans over warming his hands at an open fire in the midst of the crowd. A little farther on stands a whole family. Another man is counting carefully every potato in a big bag. Still another is playing an accordion. In the distance is an endless row of peasant carts, to which ridiculous little scrubby ponies are hitched. Cattle and pigs mingle familiarly with the crowd, and half-naked gypsy children are begging everywhere.

A great quantity of agricultural machinery — cultivators, ploughs, threshers, and the like — is being unloaded from a train. I ask one of the trainmen where they were going. He says: 'We're trading them for grain.' I learn later that the Workers' and Civil Servants' Coöperative in the town is bartering directly in this manner with the peasants on a very large scale. In a country where money is so nearly worthless that you would not think of offering a thousand-ruble note to a beggar, transactions are no longer measured in currency.

When I board my train again we have more passengers than ever. There is no room for them in the cars, and they have found seats on the roof, the platforms, and even on the tender and locomotive. Their big bags are piled up both sides of the engine boiler as high as the whistle and sand box. Most of these people are traveling in perilous positions and no one is comfortable. Yet I notice no wrangling, scolding, or even the slightest sign of irritation. I look over the faces of the men and women who have settled on the locomotive like a swarm of bees, clinging to each other like clustered grapes; I do not observe anywhere an expression of anger or excitement, but merely dull, contented, almost jovial indifference. The locomotive will keep them warm during their cold journey, and to that extent they have fared well in the scramble.

Is this stupid submissiveness and resignation, or rather the uncomplaining endurance of a nation that is traveling without a sound of protest through an apparently interminable valley of suffering toward a still dark and uncertain future?

The golden domes of Sophiskuyu and of the other Kief cathedrals glisten through the dreary April morning, high above the terraces formed by the climbing roofs of the city. In front of the railway station is a veritable sea of mud. A few peasant carts are unloading sacks, like those that I have been seeing constantly during my trip. A single droshky is waiting for a fare.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Polish courier whom I have engaged approaches the driver and starts chaffering. The man demands the trifle of four million rubles. The Russian ruble, of course, has no fixed value, and what its price may be when the reader peruses these lines is more than I can venture to foretell. But at the moment it is equivalent to six hundred or eight hundred German marks, — say three dollars in American currency, — or a pretty steep price for a short droshky trip.

So we take a peasant cart by preference, being able to get one for four hundred thousand rubles. Our conveyance was a wonderful affair, apparently homemade. I could not make out the original source of the wheels, but it was enough that they turned around.

This first letter naturally cannot presume to express an authoritative opinion of the situation here. I merely report what I see. In the first place, the physical ruin and devastation are by no means so great as I anticipated from what I had previously heard. The last time I was in Kief, in the spring of 1918, the square in front of the station was already a morass of filth. Now, as soon as we cross the bridge into the city, I observe a marked improvement. The principal avenues are clean and tidy. The street sweepings have already been gathered into piles, and workers are busy removing them.

Some of the building façades look decidedly neglected, but I notice that efforts are being made to repair them. Kief, upon the whole, does not present the typical appearance of a city under Bolshevist rule. Scarcely another town in Russia has experienced so many changes of government since the overthrow of the Tsar. At different times Kief has seen Russians, Ukrainians, Poles, and Germans in charge of its affairs. Bolsheviki have alternated with the forces of Petljura and Denikin. During the last few years there have been at least six changes of administration.

I pass the opera house, which brings back to memory the old days of Skoropadski's glory, and along the Funduklevskaya, now called Lenin Street, down to the Kieschtschatik. This used to be the shopping-centre and fashionable promenade of Kief, something like Kärtnerstrasse in Vienna. Its former elegance has vanished, but I note with surprise that practically every shop is open.

Long before we reached the centre of the city this morning, I had already noticed with wonder the hordes of hucksters standing on every corner, peddling bread, sweets, boot-soles, and a great variety of neighborhood wares; as well as the numerous shops selling eggs, meat, and fish. Here in Funduklevskaya and Kieschtschatik there are delicatessen stores selling canned goods, dried and preserved fruits, raisins, almonds, and the like. I observe also confectionery shops, wine shops, haberdasheries, dressmaking establishments, stationery shops, and bookshops. I even discover a store selling school supplies, and a show window filled with stuffed animals.

Of course these things are not to be judged by West-European standards. In a tailor's shop, for instance, you will find a red hussar's tunic hanging side by side with a modern business suit. An art store will display, amid costly rugs and bronzes, plaster-of-Paris busts, cheap gimcracks, and ordinary household utensils. We must bear in mind, too, that free trade is of very recent date and that production and exchange are not functioning normally. The goods offered for sale at present are from stocks that have been concealed or confiscated since early in the revolution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am impressed by the business eagerness of the people. The thronged market square and the by-streets present the same picture. It is difficult to push one's way between the crowded booths. Flour, beans, potatoes, vegetables, fish, meat, and particularly bread — bread of all shades, hues, and textures, from coarse black that looks scarcely edible to the finest white rolls. A row of venders selling little bundles of wood encircles the market place. Interspersed among them are people who are trying to dispose of what is left of their household goods or clothing in order to keep alive. Yonder is a lady offering an expensive child's hood; another sells embroidered garments; a third, fine linens.

Although much of this traffic is due to the bitter distress here suggested, and many of the things offered for sale are out-of-date rubbish, none the less an observer does not get the impression that this is the last commercial paroxysm of a ruined country. Quite the reverse. He is conscious of the vigorous heart-throbs of revival. What the future is to bring forth depends naturally upon the turn things take in Russia; that is, upon whether the Government succeeds in reviving production and tapping again the exhaustless resources of this fertile land.

But stop. I am beginning to philosophize. Let me stick to what my eyes show me. I repeat, business in the streets is extraordinarily active, and one sees many well-dressed people among the gray- and brown-clothed peasants and ex-soldiers. I pass ladies in fur or satin coats that almost suggest this season's fashions. The street crowd looks healthy and well fed. Rarely do I see a hollow or pallid countenance or meet a beggar or a cripple. Everyone seems to be in a hurry. No one looks downcast or discouraged. I discover none of the irritability and sullenness that characterized Kief when I knew it before. Almost everybody walks. At extremely rare intervals I catch sight of a droshky carrying some wealthy profiteer, or an electric car packed with laboring men and soldiers, or possibly an automobile speeding down the street with red bannerets fluttering in the wind, bearing some Soviet official on a mission of pleasure or duty.

Here at Kharkof I feel that I can at last say something as to the real forces at present dominant in Southern Russia. Since about a year ago, there has been no armed opposition to the Moscow Government anywhere in the Ukraine. The only real authority has been the Ukraine Socialist Soviet Republic. Every organization hostile to it, whether presided over by Denikin, Petljura, or Makhno, is in exile. Not one of them controls a square yard of Ukrainian soil or retains a following worth mentioning. Naturally, it is always possible that Wrangel or Petljura will receive financial or military help from the Entente and make a new incursion into Ukrainian territory from Poland or Rumania; but there appears to be very little chance that they will win any permanent success in this country.

My opinion that the Bolsheviki are firmly seated in authority is not based on my personal observations alone, but largely upon the opinions of opponents of that Government. No matter how much they curse it, none of those with whom I talk imagines for a moment that it can be overthrown.

I shall try to state the political situation precisely as it is, regardless of my personal sympathies and antipathies. I can well understand that a refugee from the Ukraine, who has been robbed of all his property by the Communists and perhaps has suffered fear-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful persecutions at their hands, can never reconcile himself to the present Government as long as he lives, and will continue to hope and pray that it may be overthrown. It is still more easy to understand how the members of the different so-called 'Ukrainian Governments,' who live on the prospect of getting eventual control of the country, will employ every means in their possession to conceal the true situation. But it is our business to see things precisely as they are.

A person may be an outright enemy of Bolshevism and all it stands for, and yet feel compelled out of regard for the interests of his country and his fellow citizens to cultivate the closest possible relations with Russia and the Ukraine. Such a course has been made easier by recent changes in Soviet policy. The Bolsheviki admit frankly that they based their whole system upon the expectation of an immediate world-wide revolution, that they miscalculated sadly in setting a date for that event, and that they are now compelled to change radically their attitude toward other Governments. So eager are the Bolshevist leaders in the Ukraine to have the assistance of German manufacturers and engineers, that the most extreme Communists would now dislike exceedingly to see an immediate revolution in Germany, as it would be likely to paralyze that country's industries.

It is the prevailing opinion here that the country has reached bottom in the direction of economic ruin, and that a betterment has already begun. The Ukraine is producing, though as yet haltingly and laboriously. Its disused machinery is slowly acquiring headway. But it is moving.

My little Russian teacher is a young German woman of Russian birth — very reserved and taciturn. When I asked her what I ought to pay her for a lesson, she looked embarrassed for a moment, and then said that when I had been long enough in the country, I would understand her terms. They were a pound of bread an hour.

In fact, except in wholesale transactions, a pound of bread is the unit of value for both wages and goods. In larger dealings the gold ruble is the money of account, even the Soviet Government employing that denomination in measuring salaries. Public officials and clerks, however, prefer to be paid on a pound-of-bread basis; for even reckoned in gold rubles, the price of provisions fluctuates widely and steadily rises. This is due both to political and economic uncertainties and to the famine, which is slowly but steadily spreading from the South toward Kharkof and already holds half of the Ukraine in its grasp.

I glance around my teacher's room and try to make a hasty estimate of how she manages to live. Though she may have a number of pupils, other provisions besides bread, as well as clothing and shoes, are incredibly expensive. There is little in the apartment that could be traded for food in case of need. A bed stands in one corner, and a tiny iron stove in another, evidently serving both for heating and cooking. That is all a small household is permitted to have. I know the regulations are enforced, for I have been the guest in numerous homes, at both Kief and Kharkof, of Germans, Russians, Jews, Communists, proletarians, and the bourgeoisie. One must not confuse the newly rich with the Communists and the so-called 'Red aristocracy.' Naturally very many of the Soviet officials use their position for personal profit; but the last 'purification' of the Communist party has cleared out many of these elements. Moreover, I have met an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

astoundingly large number of Bolsheviki who are sacrificing themselves to the cause with a devotion and fanaticism that make them despise personal advantages. Life is hard and difficult for everyone, except a few conscienceless speculators — men of the class that thrive on the misery and distress of others in every part of the world.

The Bolsheviki have been forced to compromise with these speculators, and with the spirit of private gain in general. To realize the extent of this surrender one should visit Kharkof market. The Bolsheviki fought that institution bitterly. They attempted to abolish it repeatedly; but it always revived. Finally they took an extreme measure. They nailed up the market building, tore down all the booths and stalls, and cleared out everything in the vast market square. But to-day the place is again a little city of slab houses, booths, and stands. The great market hall in the centre would not hold a twentieth part of the goods offered here for sale.

This market is a world in itself — you can buy anything conceivable. There are endless rows of booths with meat, bacon, sausage, bread, honey, butter, eggs, vegetables, potatoes, fish. Then there are others with oil, alcohol, petroleum, gasoline, and wood. Still other dealers specialize in furniture, household utensils, bedding, carpets, tools, hardware, woodenware, and baskets; and interspersed with all these are people who are offering one or two articles of personal property for sale.

The gold market has a corner to itself. It is an illegal institution and is raided periodically, only to reappear the following day. At first you notice only a group of innocent-looking men walking up and down. But if you approach and look like a trustworthy party, you are immediately bombarded with winks and gestures from every side. Coats are thrown back, and you see long rows of gold chains hanging across a man's breast. A hand opens and in the palm sparkle a dozen diamond rings. Handbags appear mysteriously, filled with strings of pearls, jeweled pins, and gold and silver coins.

Measured by European standards, the prices of these valuables are very low. That is because it is illegal to carry them out of the country and because bread is worth more than gold. It is a safe generalization that the cost of provisions and other necessaries of life increases daily, indeed almost hourly, while the price of luxuries falls. You can buy a large, fine Oriental rug in Kharkof to-day for less than six thousand marks, or twenty dollars in American currency; and down in the famine district you can buy a plough or a thrashing machine for a thirty-three-pound bag of flour.

During the period of transition from the old Communist system to the 'new economy,' economic conditions are topsy-turvy, and the famine naturally makes things worse. But in general, it is safe to say, private enterprise now has things much its own way so far as Government control is concerned.

A stroll through Kharkof market gives me an impressive exhibition of the tremendous force the spirit of gain is. The market is steadily growing. New booths are being erected daily; indeed, these are invading all the neighboring streets. They are the first signs of new construction that I have seen in the Ukraine; even stone buildings are being erected to serve as warehouses and shops.

Men are hastening with feverish speed to take advantage of the new economic policy of the Soviet Government. The peasant, after paying a tax in kind, can sell his produce as he will.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government factories are run under a coöperative and profit-sharing system. Labor is paid for entirely according to a piece-work schedule, and both managers and workers are given every incentive to increase production. A monthly delivery-quota is set for each factory. If this is exceeded, the men are given extra pay; if production falls below standard, a deduction is made from wage salaries. We must bear in mind, of course, that we are dealing with broken-down industries; but their foundation is solid, for they are rooted in the most fertile soil of Europe.

A WOMAN IN THE UKRAINE

BY ODETTE KEUN

[On June 29, 1921, Madame Odette Keun was arrested at Constantinople by the British police, charged with Bolshevist propaganda, and deported to Russia. At this time her sympathies were Communist. The following article is from her forthcoming book, reciting her experiences in that country. It is paired with the preceding article as a woman's view of conditions in Kharkof less than a year prior to Mr. Ross's visit.]

From *L'Opinion, May 6*
(Paris Nationalist Literary Weekly)

Kharkof is at present the capital of the Ukraine, and is the centre at which the coal, wheat, and sugar of the neighboring country are stored. It was formerly a fine city, though rather devoid of individuality. It still has broad avenues and fine buildings — mostly white, broken here and there by the immense pink, green, or golden façades and domes of great churches; and a multitude of little squares and parks — generally brown and dry, their trees dusty and withered by the perennial drought. The sun shines with dazzling brilliance. The air is as clear as crystal; in this atmosphere the vision pierces far, and remote sounds are heard distinctly. But the city is exposed without protection to the ovenlike heat of midsummer on the steppes. All that remains of its former thriving trade are a few bakeries, a fruit shop, four or five makeshift restaurants, a horde of peddlers selling white bread, baked potatoes, and lumps of sugar.

Kharkof has been so stunned by its nerve-shaking turns of fortune during the civil wars and revolution, that it now stagnates in the silence of mortification and decay. The Germans captured it, Skoropadski ruled it, Winnechenko held it for a moment and gave it a brief breathing-spell of independence, Denikin seized it, the Bolsheviki captured it, then lost it, then captured it again, and when I was there a year ago, Makhno, the anarchist leader, constantly threatened it with his savage bands.

This alternation of fortune or misfortune has left the people little more than the walls of their houses and the roofs above them. Windows are broken, doorbells have been torn off, fixtures

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been carried away. Nothing is repaired — brickwork is cracking, the pavements are in chaotic dilapidation. In places it has been necessary to lay down planks to make the streets passable for pedestrians. Misery is ever morose and ugly, but the residents of Kharkof seem obsessed by the spirit that 'makes matters worse.' I never in my life saw people so consciously and intentionally disgusting in their habits. Before I left the city, I felt sure that it did not contain a room fit for a pigpen.

Before the revolution, I am told, Kharkof had more than half-a-million inhabitants. The number has trebled since then; there are not enough houses to hold the people. More than that, government officials have requisitioned whatever buildings took their fancy. The Cheka alone occupies whole squares. One can well imagine the congestion in the quarters left for residential use. Here people must live — wash, sew, sleep, store their food, and in addition, as the universal practice is, raise chickens and rabbits and keep dogs. No one thinks of having a special apartment for a particular use. Every kitchen is a sleeping-room, and every sleeping-room is a place for cooking. To have two rooms you must be 'a specialist' — that is, a doctor, a chemist, or the like.

There is not a hotel in the town, nor any furniture to speak of in private houses — no pictures, books, or rugs. Even curtains have been forbidden. One commission after another has seized whatever it regarded as superfluous, and the owners have concealed the rest. There is no city water; you carry water yourself from public wells. Neither is there electricity; and since petroleum is not to be had and candles are excessively dear, people rise and retire with the sun.

One cannot well blame the inhabitants for overcrowding, privation, and inconveniences; but they are at fault for much of the filth and disorder in which they live. The atmosphere inside their houses is intolerable. Though I was myself in rags, I hardly ventured to sit down in a chair, nor could I eat at a private table. Dirty combs would lie across the bread; soiled linen would hang over the chair-backs; filthy boots would stand next to the samovar.

'Why not tidy up a bit?' I would ask.

'Impossible! They 'd take us for bourgeoisie. We would be reported, and they 'd carry off our things.'

'But there 's no commission to prevent your being decent. Clean up; at least, clean up!'

But they have lost the habit of cleanliness; I sometimes wonder if they ever had it. The only reply to my exhortations would be, *Nitschevo* — 'No matter.'

I went to the 'Soviet House' — the building assigned for lodging visiting missions — to ask if I might have quarters there. The filth and dilapidation were absolutely indescribable. I was nauseated the moment I entered by conditions it is impossible to print.

In the streets, which are noticeably still on account of the absence of wheeled traffic, people stroll aimlessly about over broken and grass-grown pavements. It is as though the population of a hundred villages had suddenly drifted into town. They have no hats or shoes or stockings. The men wear blouses open at the throat. The women are in cotton wrappers, with white handkerchiefs tied over their bobbed hair; some have wooden sandals or bast slippers. Not an article of jewelry, not a single item of adornment appears in their costumes — they are simply covered, not clothed. Occasionally I would see beautiful young girls — ravishing blonds with long golden hair and blooming faces — clothed in a gown made from some old piece of drapery or tapestry, and so scanty in material

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that, with its low corsage and narrow skirt, it seemed like a costume handed down from a previous century.

I used to study the features of these people. They all looked harassed, careworn, suspicious, hostile, and hard; I did not see a single cheerful, open countenance during my stay in Russia. And their manners were as rude as their faces. If you inquired your way, the only reply would be *Zn-n-n* — the speaker continuing on his way without a pause. Possibly it was the equivalent of *Nie znayou*, — 'I don't know,' — but I could not be sure, for it was growled in an unintelligible gutteral. I am familiar with the self-centred and selfish mentality of all the great cities of Western Europe; but this was something different. The manners of these people reflected the state of their souls — arrested, stupefied, hopeless, concentrated on the sordid moment, stultified by starvation and terror.

Quite apart from the Volga famine, — a horrible but localized calamity, — the harvests have not been sufficient anywhere in Russia. As a consequence, rations have been reduced. Theoretically, people receive a pound of black bread a day and have the right to one meal at a public dining-room. The provisions supplied are coarse but tolerable; but they are prepared in such a careless and filthy way that only a starving person can force himself to eat them. The Government is supposed to distribute certain provisions monthly: a pound of sugar, two or three pounds of beans, a pound of butter, tea, tobacco, petroleum, soap, and salt. The quantity and quality of these varies widely according to the institution with which one is associated and the place where one resides. However, the Government is often in default. I knew public employees whose monthly ration consisted of twelve packages of tobacco, four boxes of matches, and two pounds of salt. There was no protest. They were resigned to this sort of thing.

I do not blame the Government. It is helpless. The country has reached a point where there seems to be no remedy. . . .

The Cheka interferes in every sphere of life. It supervises the police, business, finance, family and social relations, and private thinking. You cannot escape the eyes of its agents. I was told that there were sixteen thousand employees of the Cheka in Kharkof alone. The chiefs of the public tribunals interrogate their prisoners, draw up a brief of the case, and present their findings to their superiors to execute, on a basis of mere personal opinion. By a sort of natural selection, the heads of the government are generally men of brutal and cruel dispositions.

Let me cite the case of a man whom I knew, whose experience is typical. He was arrested one night, shut up by the Cheka for several days, and then told that he had been condemned to six months in prison. 'And what is the charge against me?' 'Speculation.' That is all he ever learned. He was never questioned personally; he never saw his judges; he never had an opportunity to explain or exculpate himself; and as I write these lines, he is still in prison.

On the other hand, the Red army is a true school of the people. I could not but admire the magnificent corps of young officers training in the military schools. They are all Communists, all young, all pursuing a short and intensive course of study designed to prepare them to be army leaders. My room at Kharkof overlooked the courtyard of one of these institutions. I was awakened at dawn by the student corps chanting 'The International,' and always dressed quickly to watch their athletic exercises and drills — it was a treat for the eyes. These are the men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who recently suppressed the Kronstadt insurrection. They are heart and soul Communists, and the first to be called to service where loyalty and discipline are required. They are reviving the airs and manners of the old military caste. You detect them instantly by their brightly polished boots, their neatly fitting uniforms, and their gay decorations and insignia. I have even seen them wearing gloves. They are *la belle jeunesse* of modern Russia.

FOREST LIFE IN AMERICA

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

[*These selections from the letters that Henryk Sienkiewicz wrote from America in* 1876 *and* 1877 *describe certain of his experiences in California. Previous extracts from these letters were printed in the* Living Age *of June* 24.]

I THUS began what might seem a monotonous, but what was in reality an eventful, experience as forest-dweller in this mountain cañon. I rose mornings at the first sign of dawn and descended the narrow pass, where I usually found a fire already started and the squatter preparing breakfast. Our conversation during the meal usually related to what had occurred the previous night — raccoons had raided the beehives, or we had found the trail of larger animals in the vicinity inviting us to a hunt; or else we would discuss the approach of the rainy season and the importance of packing in our supplies. For when the stream in the cañon and the Santa Ana River overflowed, we were entirely cut off from settlements.

Usually after breakfast, which was always over before sunrise, the squatter would take his axe and set to work on his log cabin. I would throw a rifle over my shoulder and start out for deer. Some days I would return empty-handed; now and then I brought in an antelope or a mountain sheep. We would cut the meat into thin strips and either smoke it over a fire or dry it in the sun. About ten o'clock we would both lie down on the mossy bank of the stream and take a couple of hours' siesta. It was so hot during the middle of the day that we did not attempt to work. In the afternoon we could always count on a cool breeze from the ocean; then I would take a shotgun and seek smaller game.

I killed many grouse, which usually take cover among the cactus plants and half run, half fly, when a hunter approaches; and also great mountain partridges, millions of which could be found along the watercourses. During these excursions I frequently encountered rattlesnakes. They are very fond of sunning themselves on the smooth stones. Generally they glided away as soon as they detected me in the distance, but sometimes they stood their ground and invited a fight.

One day I came upon one in my path, as I was starting out in the early dawn. I supposed he would get out of the way, as usually happened; but instead he raised himself for half of his length in the air, thrust his head forward, and hissed. I had a splendid view of him. He vibrated his tail — which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was slightly elevated — so rapidly that his rattles sounded shrilly, in a high pitch. For some unknown reason this snake was evidently intensely irritated. When I turned to one side, he changed his position and kept facing me. I watched him for some time; there was no special danger, since I could easily get away from him. Finally I cut a long pole with my bowie knife, stripped it of its foliage, and drew nearer. The serpent rose up like a huge candle and was about to strike, when I brought the pole down on him and killed him. I cut off the tail, which had seventeen rattles, and started what soon became a fine collection of these souvenirs. Besides those that I procured by myself, more than twenty were given me by squatters and Indians.

Generally I brought home an abundance of game from my afternoon excursion. I found that constant hunting not only greatly increased my skill as a sportsman, but also made me sharp-sighted and quick of hearing; and the general effect upon my health was excellent. At Warsaw I had been accustomed to write until three or four o'clock in the morning. Here I was sound asleep soon after sunset, and abroad and about my business with the first flush of dawn. Furthermore, the necessity of being constantly on the alert, — watching forest, cliffs, and trails, — and keenly intent upon my natural surroundings, was a course in mental and physical gymnastics that soon sharpened my senses until they had an edge like a razor.

Constant practice accomplishes wonders in this direction. While the nights in the mountain forests are never silent, the days are remarkably quiet, especially during the hours of greatest heat. Even the birds in the woods are still as the grave. One's ear, undeafened by the din of men, becomes so sensitive that, to borrow the words of Mickiewicz, one can hear 'the butterfly poise upon a blade of grass, or a serpent glide smoothly o'er the turf.' Often when I was sitting at my writing in the log cabin we were building, I could hear Jack's voice a hundred yards off down the cañon, speaking to his dog, so plainly that I understood every word. I knew whether he was approaching or going farther away. To be sure, the natural acoustics of the cliffs aided my hearing; they reëchoed sounds so clearly that a rifle shot would roll like thunder down the cañon.

Although I spent much of my time hunting, I also continued to write. I had an unconquerable impulse to record immediately the experiences of this mountain idyl. They were so original that they seemed to me, even at the time, like a creation of the imagination — like a dream. But it was much easier to want to write than to write. My fingers were so calloused and clumsy from clambering about the cliffs that I could scarcely hold a pen. I had no table or chair, for such things are regarded as unnecessary luxuries in a squatter's life. Jack used to sit upon a stone in the cañon; he ate from another stone. Nights, until his cabin was finished, he used to sleep upon the moss in his tent. Probably he would never have used a chair had he possessed one. He often said that when he had finished his cabin he was going to put in some conveniences; but I am in doubt how far his ambition went in this direction.

So I had to provide for myself. With an axe for my only tool, I made an excellent writing-desk out of an old beehive, even putting in a drawer to keep my paper from getting wet. My chair I copied from the Mexicans. I had visited their *estancias* on the plains. These people dwell in makeshift cabins, spending their days in the saddle watching their grazing cattle; evenings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they gather about a fire of cornstalks, and play cards. They have no chairs or tables; their only furniture consists of ox skulls set against the walls. In the evening the *vaccheros* drag these out around the fire and seat themselves between the horns. I adopted the same device. Having found a huge ox skull, I brought it home, bound a bunch of moss between the horns, and made me a seat as comfortable as Voltaire's fauteuil.

After that I wrote nearly every day until I was interrupted, as I shall now relate.

My companion, Jack Harrison, had been working on his cabin for several months, and yet it seemed probable that some time would elapse before it was roofed. This would not have mattered to me had the nights not been getting cooler and the night dews heavier. I now woke mornings to find my blanket saturated with the fog and mist. This suggested to me that it might be well to lend Jack a hand in roofing his cabin. Although I knew nothing of carpentry, our joint labor pushed things forward incomparably faster than before. Hitherto Jack had had to drag his poles and lighter timbers for a long distance; now we carried them quickly on our shoulders. It took us longer to split shakes; for we had no saw and had to dress them with our axes.

We hewed puncheons for the floor out of solid logs, and indeed, when they were finished they looked more like logs than boards. When our materials were once ready, we finished the roof in a single week, and regarded our work with pride and satisfaction, though doubtless it would have looked crude enough to the eyes of a more practised woodsman.

The cabin, when completed and furnished, consisted of a one-room dwelling, two moss bunks, a few ox skulls, and my homemade writing-desk. We contrived a fairly symmetrical door out of three hewn planks. We had no glass for a window, but that caused us little concern, for the climate was so mild that we did not notice its absence.

Jack was not well educated, but he had a practical knowledge of life and nature — like most Americans — which gave him advantages over many more scholarly men. He was exceedingly taciturn. Evenings, when we were sitting around our camp fire, he would unbend and converse a little; but during the day, when we were working, we seldom exchanged a word. To a man of the world this would have betokened ill humor; but it was merely habit, due to our solitary life. I doubt if there are any men in the world whose good humor is more imperturbable than that of these squatters. Jangling nerves and impaired health are the cause of most human irritation and unpleasantness; and the squatters do not know what nerves mean, and are as healthy as the oaks of the forest. Moreover, the Americans have an inborn masculinity of character, and seldom get excited or irritated over trifles.

In fact, I doubt whether there is another nation in the world which has so much native manliness as the American. These people do not possess French mobility and liveliness of spirit; they are not capable of the tender sentiment and subtler soul experiences of either the French or the Poles. A Yankee takes things by their rough side; he does not concern himself with, or indeed perceive, details, trifles, unessentials that do not matter. In all respects he is a hard man. He can love, but he cannot be sentimental. He can hate, but he cannot hit in the dark. Gossip, scandal, and the like, anger or weary him. If he hates a person sufficiently he will kill him, but he will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not bury the body. When he works, he works hard. When he spends, 'double eagles' fly about like yellow leaves. He knows nothing of saving pennies. If he makes a fortune, it is millions; if he goes into bankruptcy, it is also for millions. He has tremendous respect for his wife, and often lets her lead him about by the nose like a tame lion — precisely because he will not trouble himself over trifles.

I tried to discover whether Jack had ever asked himself what this giant scenery, this horizon of towering cliffs, this silvery network of mountain brooks, these lofty trees, the wild animals that kept us company, and last of all the sun and the stars above, might really mean. I sought to learn whether he was conscious of a soul in nature or curious as to the ultimate causes of existence. I had often read of such backwoods philosophers. When I turned our conversation to this subject, however, he merely quoted the Bible to me: 'He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, and hath stretched out the heaven by his understanding.'

Naturally this forestalled all further questions. Jack is simply a religious man, and in that respect resembles the other frontiersmen whom I have met here. Every evening after our fire died down he withdrew for a while into the solitude, uncovered his head, raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed. He seemed to me at such moments an incarnation of poetry, and one widely conscious of the majestic power to which he humbly bowed.

The moonlight would fall like silver over his powerful bearded face, as clean-cut as if chiseled from marble. It seemed to me that I was living in the first days of Christianity, and saw before me one of the barbarian Cimbri laying his rude soul at the feet of God. The fact that he spoke words that sounded foreign to my ears strengthened this illusion: 'Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.'

After we had lived together here for some time, Jack suggested that I remain permanently. He said to me: 'People in the city are worried and hurried. Here we have peace and quiet. We can keep bees, as many as we want. We'll double the size of the clearing, sow barley, corn, and tobacco, and plant oranges, figs, and almonds. Sometime settlers will come into this part of the country and the land will rise in value. When I am dead and gone you will own two claims — and, by God, there 'll not be a better farm between the Pacific Ocean and the desert.'

I was tempted for a moment, enchanted by the magic of the forest. It was not at the prospect of being Jack's heir — plenty of land was to be had for the asking — but it was the charm of this intimacy with nature, this peaceful harbor, protected from life's storms.

I do not recall whether I described my trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Since then six months have elapsed. The railway was not finished at that time, so I came down by water upon the Mohango, an old veteran of the seas, once in the China trade and now running between San Francisco and San Diego. After we had passed through the Golden Gate and left the Cliff House and its sea lions behind, we turned southward, skirting the coast. It was glorious weather. The blue of the mirrorlike ocean melted imperceptibly into the blue of the distant horizon. Just the suggestion of a remote tiny cloud ultimately defined itself as the smoke of a passenger steamer inbound from the Sandwich Islands. Southward, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the undulating

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wooded coast. A wonderful marine picture — a symphony of sun, air, and water!

The passengers remained on deck, their faces shining with satisfaction at the promise of a pleasant voyage. The old Mohango shivered and shook as if her machinery would tear her asunder. Sea gulls hovered over us, and we amused ourselves tossing them apple cores. Before this amusement had become monotonous, another incident absorbed our attention. The steamer slowed down and we extracted a sea turtle, accidentally caught in the wheel. The steward assured us that we should have turtle soup for supper.

An odd character in a paper collar and a dilapidated straw hat, with his hands in his pockets, strolled about, assuring the passengers that they would soon see flying fish. I summoned what little zoölogical knowledge I could recall to my aid, and inquired whether flying fish are not usually found nearer the equator. Placidly closing one eye, he stared at me a moment with the other, and asked imperturbably, 'Say, have you ever seen a sea serpent?'

The bystanders laughed, and the conversation was dexterously diverted to sea serpents, which none of us had ever seen.

I never saw people so cheerful and so determined to be amused. We all laughed like children at the most trivial incident. A Chinese head appeared at the top of the gangway, and its owner, staring about and calmly surveying the passengers on deck for a moment, called in a nasal voice: 'Ya Hang!' There was no such person in the party, but we all chimed in: 'Ya Hang! Ya Hang!' I thought to myself that it was a crazy performance, but I was just as bad as the rest.

We went down to supper. Our turtle soup was hot with pepper, our roast was hot with pepper, everything was overpeppered — too much so even for the Americans. Some laughed, others cursed the cook. One man sarcastically asked the waiter: 'Could n't we have a little more pepper?'

After dinner we returned to the deck. It was sunset; the blue light had turned to gold and red. The air was cooler and a trifle salty, and the sea was smoother than ever. Suddenly its mirrorlike surface was broken by a long ripple; then another, and another, and almost in a moment we were surrounded by playing porpoises. They finally vanished from sight in the western sunset dazzle. . . . The ship slowed down. A couple of sharp whistles broke the air. We were approaching a shore that suddenly opened into a broad sea-paved valley, where I fancied I could detect — in the descending dusk — forested islands. Beyond were houses with lighted windows. A pointed tower rose against the night sky. Then a wharf, built on piles, suddenly emerged from the lower blackness. Men, carrying lanterns, were moving about. Our vessel grazed the wharf and we came to a full stop.

'What town is this?' I asked.

'Monterey.'

We stopped for an hour, unloading passengers and freight. Most of my fellow travelers had by this time left the deck and retired to their cabins; only a Mexican priest and I remained. The priest paced quietly back and forth, looking up at the stars and — I presume — telling his beads. I sat on a bench and stared into the distance at the houses with their twinkling lights. After ending his prayer, the priest approached me. '*Bonita noche*' ('A beautiful night'), he said, in a low voice, as if he feared to break the charm of its silence.

I nodded in assent. I was not in a mood for conversation. So the priest returned to his prayer, *Ave Stella!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My nostrils caught odors of orange and heliotrope in the land breeze that gently fanned my face. One by one the lights in the houses were extinguished. The priest went below. The only persons left on deck were the helmsman at the wheel, two sailors, and myself.

As we resumed our journey I noted that the coast seemed to be getting lower, and wide reaches of sandy beach glistened through the starlight. It was so warm and quiet that I preferred the deck to my stateroom. The moon rose at length and cast a band of silvery light upon the sea. I thought of Poland, of its villages now buried in deep snow, of the blue smoke rising from chimneys that pierce white roofs, and of the cawing crows flying home to roost.

I spent the whole night on deck. Another day and night elapsed before we anchored at Santa Monica, where we took a train to Los Angeles.

I really did not intend to describe this trip, but the words flowed from my pen almost before I took note of them. What I wish more particularly to tell my readers is of my journey back toward San Francisco, through the Mohave Desert.

The railway connecting the two cities was finished during my temporary sojourn in Southern California. It is the custom in America to charge no fare on the first through train. I took this opportunity to see the country. We first passed in view of the Santa Ana mountains, where I had my forest home for a time. Then we threaded miles of country covered with dry herbage and wild sunflowers, interspersed with tracts of cactus. At length we left the treeless plains and entered the mountains. After passing through a long, dark tunnel, the train skirted the cliffs close to the outlet of cañons densely wooded with oaks, evergreens, and undergrowth. Wherever there was water, the vegetation was so luxuriant that the eye could not pierce it. I caught glimpses from the car window of countless grouse, pheasants, squirrels, and rabbits. The land was entirely untilled and uninhabited; we did not pass a cabin or even a tent, except at the rare railway-stations.

My eye caught many beautiful vistas. For instance, we crossed a river both banks of which were a mass of wild flowers in full bloom. The trees interwove their branches overhead like a Gothic arch. Wild grapevines and wild ivy clung to their trunks. It was like a momentary glance down a long, green, glass-paved gallery. At another point a river plunged several hundred feet over a cañon wall into a cluster of redwoods at the base. Gradually the country grew wilder; vegetation almost ceased, and gave place to rocks and cliffs.

The train rolled through a mighty amphitheatre of barren precipices. There was nothing in sight but sky and rock. Here and there a glimpse of a cañon opened, revealing nothing but barren stones. The roar of the train echoed, redoubled, from the encircling cliffs.

I asked a fellow passenger, 'Is this Mohave?'

'No,' he replied, 'Mohave is a desert.'

'Well, what is this?'

Hour followed hour. The same amphitheatre of rocks, the same circle of cliffs, the same endless areas of stone. Night descended, to relieve my eyes of the weariness of this endless desolation.

Next morning the train stopped at a little station close to the border of the Mohave. A few unsheltered cabins were grouped around it. One rough slab shanty had the sign 'Bakery,' and another 'Saloon.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Californians are immensely proud of the completion of this railway. They consider it a greater engineering feat than building the Transpacific road, and they are right; for it must have been easier to construct a railway across the cold plateaus of Wyoming and Utah than across this waterless desert, where the temperature is often well above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and where for ten months of the year not a drop of rain falls. At many stations there is no water whatever. The farther the road penetrated into this region the greater were the difficulties.

The sand, as fine as sifted ashes, would not remain under the cross ties, and the wind blew away the fills. But thousands of Whites and Chinese toiled here from morning till night, with the restless American energy that will not tolerate a moment's unnecessary delay. So the work is now completed. Fort Yuma is connected by rail with San Francisco, and new territories have been opened for settlement.

I close my letters from America with an account of this railway, because it typifies the courage and enterprise which is such a prominent trait of American character. A moment's glance at a map of the United States shows railways everywhere — completed, half completed, or projected. They cross and connect in every direction, until they have formed a mighty network encircling mountains, piercing deserts and forests, and traversing uninhabited prairies. They have invaded vast empires where, but a few years ago, the buffalo and his Redskin hunter held undisputed sway.

But the end is not yet. The Yankees ponder still bolder enterprises. The United States is already too cramped for their ambitions. Their railway projects cover the continent, yes, the whole hemisphere. Will these plans be carried out? I dare not doubt that they will; for the energy of this free nation recognizes no obstacles; its watchword is 'Go ahead.'

REGRET FOR THE PASSING OF THE ENTIRE SCHEME OF THINGS

BY EDGELL RICKWORD

[*London Mercury*]

Now in the midst of Summer stay the mind
Whilst flowers hold their stony faces up
And fishes peer through crystal vacancies.

For even in these drowsy hours of ease
Winter's white-armored horsemen on the hills
Take from the virgin Frost their stirrup-cup.

Whilst now in dusky corners lovers kiss
And goodmen smoke their pipes by tiny gates —
These oldest griefs of Summer seem less sad

Than drone of mowers on suburban lawns
And girls' thin laughter, to the ears that hear
The soft rain falling of the failing stars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INTIMATE PICTURE OF IMMANUEL KANT

BY M. A. ALDANOV

[The following intimate sketch of the great German philosopher is a chapter from Mr. Aldanov's new historical novel, dealing with the reign of Catherine the Great and with the French Revolution. The novel is being run serially in the Paris Sovremenniya Zapiski, *a Russian monthly magazine. In the story, Mr. Staal is a young Russian diplomat on his way to London with a political mission. He is waiting for his boat at Konigsberg, and in the meantime amuses himself by flirting with the pretty daughter of the keeper of the inn at which he is staying. He is sitting on a park bench with Hedwig, when Kant approaches and finds them kissing each other. The young lady screams,* 'Lieber Gott! Herr Professor!' *and runs off, leaving the young diplomat alone on the bench.]*

STAAL turned around angrily. Before him stood a small, weazened old man, in a powdered wig and a simple old coat with a short sword at his side. The old man was smiling kindly and gently. His left shoulder was higher than the other. His whole appearance was one of extreme age.

'What do you wish, sir?' asked Staal brusquely.

The old man smiled again and seated himself on the bench.

'How wonderful it is!' he said quietly in a pleasant voice. 'Is she not a beautiful child? I am so glad that the dear girl is to be married. I have known Fräulein Hedwig since her birth, for every Wednesday and Sunday I take a walk toward the Steindammer Thor and always stop at her father's inn. She is a charming girl. I congratulate you most heartily, young man. You will be very, very happy with her.'

'What the deuce is he, anyway?' thought Staal to himself; and then he said aloud: 'Who are you, and what is it that you wish with me?'

The old man looked at him in astonishment.

'Do you mean to say that you do not know me?' His voice was just a shade less kindly than before. 'Are you a foreigner? Everybody knows me in this city. I am Professor Kant. Is my name also unknown to you?'

His last question was asked sadly, and then he laughed, half sarcastically, half kindly. 'To tell the truth, while I am not particularly ambitious, it does grieve me at times that I am not well known among the general public. Really, it would not be such a bad thing for the world if people knew more of what old Immanuel Kant thinks, there in the Prinzessinstrasse, in Konigsberg. However, that is not important.

'So you are a foreigner? There are a good many Poles and Jews here. You are not a Pole, are you? Poor Poles — Then, possibly, you are a Jew? I have two very good Jewish friends, Friedlander and Marcus Hertz. Perhaps you know them? Oh, yes, I forgot that you are a stranger here. You are, doubtless, thinking of entering our University. Excellent idea, young man, excellent. I like young people, and your face pleases me very much. If you wish, I will tutor you quite privately. You need not pay me anything, though it would be better if you did pay something.

'I can teach you all the subjects I teach at the University: mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, physics, logic, ethics, geology, jurisprudence, anthropology, physical geography, fortification, and pyrotechnics. Unfortunately, I know very little besides these subjects. And at that, I shall probably

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to refresh my memory on some chapters. I am getting old, you see, and forgetting things.'

He smiled again, and the childishness of his smile suddenly attracted Staal's attention. He looked at the old man's face more carefully and noted the peculiar shape of his forehead. And from two deep indentations in that strange face, from underneath bushy gray eyebrows, a pair of blue eyes shed a soft, caressing light.

'You may be worrying,' continued the old man, 'about the fact that students are not permitted to marry. Don't worry. I think I can get a special permission for you. And when you are graduated, you can find a place as a teacher. Later on you may become a professor in your native land. It pays quite well. At the beginning of my career, I had only sixty-two thalers a year, but this year I shall get as much as seven hundred and twenty-five thalers. Besides, I receive a rather good honorarium for my works. For example, my *Critique of Pure Reason* has brought me four thalers per printed sheet (sixteen pages). You may think that I exploit my publisher, but I assure you that it is not so. My book will, undoubtedly, go through several editions and bring good profit in the end.

'But you see that I arrange my affairs very well. I shall probably live another twenty years, and then I shall leave a fortune of at least thirty thousand thalers. But what is most important of all, I have never owed anybody a cent. Whenever there is a knock on my door, I open it quite calmly, for I know that there cannot be any creditors there. Yes,' he repeated in a pleased tone, '*jawohl, mein junger Freund, mit ruhigem und freudigem Herzen kann ich immer "Herein" rufen, wenn jemand an meine Tür klopft, denn ich bin gewiss, dass kein Gläubiger draussen steht.*'

'But why do you think you will live another twenty years?' asked Staal in a highly irritated tone, enraged by the old man's assumption that he ought to wish to enter the University and become a teacher.

The old man looked at him with a long glance, as if trying to understand what it was that had caused Staal's irritation. But the question itself apparently did not strike him as unnatural.

'Because I am a very strong man,' he replied proudly. 'Almost from the time of my birth, I have had a weak heart and a bad liver; but I have overcome these defects of the body by the power of my will. I ordered myself not to think of my sufferings, and now I pay no attention to them. In the same way I cure my colds and catarrhs by the exercise of will power. And what is most important of all, I live simply and correctly, according to a precise scientific system.

'How do you breathe when you are out for a walk? Through your mouth? *I* breathe through my nose. And when you work at your writing-table, where do you keep your handkerchief? In your pocket, I am sure. *I* keep it on a chair in the next room. So, every time I take a pinch of snuff, I must make a few steps. In this way I never remain long in one place and take some very useful exercise every once in a while.'

He looked at the young man in triumph. 'I think about all the things I do. A man must think about everything he does.'

'Are you married?' asked Staal.

'I?' exclaimed the old man in horror. 'Oh, no! Just think, the local pastor, Bekker, wanted only recently to get me married. He even wrote especially for me a dialogue on marriage, entitled "Raphael and Tobias, or Thoughts on the Conjugal Life of a Good Christian."' The old man burst out laughing. 'We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had a long argument after that, and I defeated him on all points,' he added as he laughed.

Then he continued: 'Of course, I reimbursed him for the publication of the pamphlet, because its only object was to convince me that I ought to marry. I consider that a real man ought not to be married. But since most men, unfortunately, have this bad habit, I gladly welcome marriages which are contracted in accordance with the dictates of reason. One must always have a dowry — not too large, but still sufficient to ensure the husband's independence. For one must have material independence in order to give up one's time to thought and speculation. You may be sure that Hedwig's dowry will be no less than five thousand thalers. And her father's inn also yields a very good profit. With all that income you can live quite well. And if you should develop an aptitude for abstract thought, that would be excellent. You may, perhaps, under my guidance work out the problems of ontology. It would be very interesting, I assure you. And if not, you may become an honest merchant, like my friend Grimm, or a bookseller, like my friend Nikolovius, or a bank director, like my friend Russman, or — '

'You seem to have many friends,' remarked Staal, in order to say something. His ironical tone had quite disappeared. There was something in the old man with the huge forehead and gently shining eyes that affected him in a very strange manner.

'Yes, I have many friends,' answered the old man solemnly. 'Unfortunately, some of them are dead; but I never think of them. I forbid myself to think of them. One should never think of the dead.' His last words were pronounced in a changed voice, in which Staal caught unmistakable signs of terror.

'I have friends,' began the old man again, 'because I have ordered myself to like people. Unfortunately, in our evil and fearful time there are still among us men who do not deserve to be loved — fatal, dangerous people, who will be branded forever with the crushing curse of future generations — '

'Do you mean Robespierre? Or Danton?' asked Staal.

'Danton?' repeated Kant with astonishment. (He pronounced the name as if it were 'Dángtong,' with the accent on the first syllable.) 'What relation can Danton have to this? The men of whom I speak are the counselors of the Consistory — the Breslau pastor, Hermann Daniel Hermes, and the former teacher at the Gymnasium, Gottfried Friedich Hillner. However, the Lord will forgive them. A wise, reasoning man has no enemies. You said, "Robespierre, Danton." I think they are not bad people, only very badly mixed up in their ideas. For some reason or other they have imagined themselves revolutionists. They are no revolutionists. They are just politicians, ministers of state, just like those who ruled under the late King Louis. A little better, perhaps, or possibly a good deal worse. They do almost the same things and want almost the same things, and their souls are no different. They are no revolutionists.'

'But who are the real revolutionists, then?' asked Staal in a puzzled tone.

'I,' replied the old man seriously and indifferently, as if he had uttered a very common and self-understood thought.

'He must be mad,' thought Staal to himself.

'It is a very common delusion to think that there is a revolution going on in France,' continued the old man. 'To tell you the truth, I thought so myself for some time and was quite carried away by the events in France. But now I see the delusion and have no more interest in the matter. What has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happened in France has been that one group of men has taken power away from another group. 'You may call that a revolution, if you want to, but it is not a serious affair. Of course, I should have liked very much to see established in France a State that would be at least to some extent in correspondence with the ideas of Montesquieu. But you must agree with me that what they are doing is not that at all.

'Why don't these people begin their revolution by revolutionizing themselves? And why do they consider themselves the followers of Rousseau? Rousseau,' he continued in a tone of utmost respect, 'had something entirely different in mind. Rousseau was possessed of a great, but unfortunately an insufficiently philosophical, mind. He was too unhappy to think properly. He hated men. Still, I believe that Rousseau and I would have found a common ground. Of course, we would have had a long argument, but in the end we would have agreed on something. On the other hand, I am not at all sure that I should be able to convince Danton or, let us say, Pitt. After all, Danton and Pitt are the same thing.'

'I shall see Pitt in a few days,' said Staal importantly, finding the moment opportune for showing the old man his proper place. 'So if there is anything that you wish — I have a secret mission to him from my Government —'

The old man looked at him in disappointment.

'So you are a diplomat?' he said. 'What a pity! Take my advice, young man, and drop diplomacy. Better be a teacher or a merchant. From the beginning of the world there has never been a wise diplomat. By that I mean that there has never been a diplomat who could have said something that might have distinguished him from any other diplomat. They have all been remarkably alike for the past three thousand years. The most astonishing thing to me is that people still bear with them and their eternal occupation — war. Just now I am working on a little treatise dealing with eternal peace. But if you were to ask me whether or not I am sure that even after the publication of my work the diplomats will cease making wars, I should hesitate to give you a positive answer. The real revolution of the spirit is to be found only in my teachings. And for this reason the most pernicious, the most dangerous people are not Robespierre or Danton, but those who make it impossible for me to express my thoughts. Is it conceivable that they should forbid the publication of Kant's works?'

He took out of his pocket some sheets of paper and showed them to Staal, without, however, letting them out of his hands.

'This is my latest work,' he said significantly. 'It is called, *Die Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blossen Vernunft aufgenommen.* I shall read you the chapter on the basic evils of human nature. Listen!'

He coughed, loosened the white scarf that was wound around his thin, wrinkled neck, and began to read with an expressive intonation, full of obvious pleasure in what he was reading, accompanying the reading with constant gestures of his left hand lifted to the height of his head: '*Dass die Welt im Argen liegt, ist eine Klage die so alt ist als die Geschichte —*'

But Kant's reading was interrupted by the rapid approach to the bench of an elderly man with a red nose.

'It is five o'clock already,' said the newcomer in a somewhat husky voice, 'and the Herr Professor still is not home. I had to go and look for the Herr Professor. The Herr Professor should be more cautious than to stay out so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late. And the Herr Professor should not have sat on the bench —'

Kant looked at him in silence, and then turned to Staal.

'That is my servant, Lampe. He is right. On some other occasion I shall read you my work, *Vom radicalen Bösen in der menschlichen Natur*. It is nearly twilight, and the twilight hours should be given over to thought and contemplation. I work in the morning, rest with my friends in the afternoon, think in the twilight, and read in the evening. And at ten I go to bed. Formerly I slept better than I do now. I have bad dreams very often now.'

His voice changed again, and again Staal caught in his tone unmistakable signs of terror.

'I dream of blood and murders — I do not know what that means,' he said slowly and doubtfully. 'I do not know. Blood and murders, why do *I* dream of them? I should not lose my calm. Well, good-by, young man. I like you, and I am so glad for young Hedwig. But please, please drop diplomacy. Good-bye, young man.'

He moved slowly up the path, raising his feet high in the air and breathing through his nose, in accordance with his scientific system.

Staal looked after him for a long time. This weazened old man, who was so busily engaged on the work of trying to understand the basic evils of human nature, was, of course, ridiculous and ludicrous. And yet the young man could not rid himself of the feeling that there was something in him that was unintelligible, unaccessible, even terrifying. But what was it? Staal sighed deeply and went in search of Fräulein Hedwig.

Kant's servant followed him at a respectful distance. He was thinking of the fact that the Herr Professor's health was clearly beginning to fail. In former times he would not have wasted the time allotted for his walk on empty chatter with a boy. And did it just seem so to Lampe, or was the boy really making fun of the Herr Professor? The young fool! Lampe recalled how shyly the important-looking gray-haired scientists who came from all parts of Germany to see the Herr Professor would enter his study, and how worshipful was the adoration with which they would gaze at him. Of late he had begun to notice that their faces bore an expression of grief and apprehension as they would be leaving the study. Or did he merely imagine that? Of course, Professor Kant was getting old. But still, Professor Kant — And if there were a trace of justice in this world, Professor Kant would have received by this time at least a Geheimrat's rank.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT WALL AND THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS

From the *Times Literary Supplement, May 4*
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

A HUNDRED years ago archæology and scholarship were opening up, by brilliant guess and patient labor, the buried world of ancient Egypt. But scholars and dilettanti were loath at first to acknowledge its claims. To them the only antiquities that seemed to have any claim on modern culture were the antiquities of Greece and Rome.

What would those polite circles have said if they had been asked to bestow serious attention and study on the antiquities of Central Asia? Other sands than those of Egypt have in this twentieth century given up their secrets; and again we are confronted by a whole new world of forgotten history which opens before our eyes.

What associations had Central Asia to our minds that were not remote, unfriendly, and barbarous? Hordes of fierce nomads wandering great deserts — what history could these have that was of the smallest interest to ourselves, save in so far as their waves of horsemen had once flowed over into Europe, ravaging and destroying? And yet it is from these deserts that explorers and excavators have brought back relics of a vanished civilization, recovered in perfect freshness from those bleak and blowing sands, which are of singular interest to every mind that cares for human history; which bring a new illumination to the study of art and the study of religion; which have revealed two hitherto unknown Indo-European languages, nearer it is said than Sanskrit to Greek and Latin; and which have the perennial fascination of showing us the confluence and interaction of three great civilizations — India, China, and Greece.

With these discoveries will always be associated the name of Sir Aurel Stein. He has now made three great expeditions into these desert regions; and let us first pay homage to the intrepidity, tenacity, and enthusiasm which have carried him through such enormous journeys in face of continual hardship, acute discomfort, and frequent danger. If it were only for his record as a traveler and his services to geographical science, Sir Aurel's name would stand high in the history of exploration; but we must confine ourselves here to his archæological achievements and the recovered treasures which have made his expeditions so memorable and so fruitful of result.

The first expedition was made in 1900–1 and was described in the volumes of *Sand-buried Cities* (1903), followed by the detailed report, *Ancient Khotan* (1907). The second expedition, far more extensive and important in its results, was made in 1906–8. A personal account of this was given in the two volumes, published in 1912, called *Ruins of Desert Cathay.* But for the detailed report, to which a score of special students from all Europe have contributed, — for no single scholar could deal adequately with half the material and the problems involved, — we have had to wait till now. It was worth waiting for. The five massive volumes of *Serindia: Detailed Report of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China* are a truly magnificent production.

Serindia is the compendious and hap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pily chosen name which Sir Aurel has given to the whole work. It is a term new to English, though already current among French, scholars; and it indicates, as no other word could do, the scope of the journey and the region traversed —

> the vast drainageless belt between the Pamirs in the west and the Pacific watershed in the east, which for close on a thousand years formed the special meeting-ground of Chinese civilization, introduced by trade and political penetration, and of Indian culture, propagated by Buddhism.

The journey of ten thousand miles on foot or on horseback was to occupy more than two and a half years and was to take the traveler from the Hindu Kush valleys to the western frontier of China proper.

India and China are the two great formative influences on the past history of this region; but there is also Greece, as we have already mentioned, not to speak of Persia. What exactly was the part played by Hellenism in this interaction of fluid forces? It was not a faith, moulding the minds of men, nor a culture impressed on daily life: it was a tradition of art, filtered through kingdoms of the Near East, and leaving its vestiges now in images of Greek god or goddess stamped on the clay seals of letters preserved under the dry sand, now in motives of ornament such as are found in the early bronze mirrors of China itself, but above all contributing the basic element for those sculptures of Gandhara which, developed under the stress of Indian religious ideals, created the formula for Buddhist art which was to persist through centuries in China and Japan, even to our own day.

Yet it was one of the surprises among Sir Aurel Stein's discoveries that in the desert site of Miran, close on the confines of China, the frescoes covering the walls of a Buddhist shrine should reveal, not a mere trace of borrowed Greek forms, nor a mixed style like that of Gandhara, but the handiwork of a Hellenistic painter in a style that we might expect to meet on the shores of the Mediterranean.

At the very outset of the long journey we find Sir Aurel, as he rides along the Talash Valley, alert to note the physical features of the scene of one of Alexander's mountain campaigns, and deciding that the broad military road which he was traveling had seen the Macedonian columns pass by on their way to India. Linguistic and ethnographical clues are also employed for the identification of places mentioned by Alexander's historians. But soon the traveler is on the lookout for vestiges of a very different kind from those of the conqueror from Greece: he is tracing the footsteps of the Chinese pilgrims, solitary wayfarers, led across fearful deserts to seek the holy places of the Buddha in his native land. And at once we are brought into touch with two great movements which have been momentous in the history of mankind — the marvelous march of Alexander into India, and that other progress out of India to the remoter East, the victorious journey of the Buddhist faith.

It is on the track of missionary Buddhism that Sir Aurel Stein's expedition moves; and it is to the student of Buddhism and Buddhist art, transformed as they were by various influences on their passage from India to China, that the discoveries recorded in *Serindia* afford the richest store of new material. But how many clues of other interest are picked up by the way!

How it moves the imagination to read the page on which Sir Aurel describes the finding at the desert site of Lou-lan of a bale of yellow silk, tightly rolled and unused, just as it lay when it was first dropped and forgotten by some trader on its way from China to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imperial Rome. Covered up with a light layer of drift sand, it had become so dry and brittle that when lifted it broke in two. But the romance of discovery is not enough for the archæologist: he measures the silk, and notes the dimensions. The probability is that the width is the regular width of the silk exported in the early centuries of our era; but can it be proved?

Yes; for a few months afterward Sir Aurel, exploring the ruined watch-stations of a part of the Great Wall of China, finds in the débris a strip of silk precisely inscribed with its place of origin, width, length, weight, and value. This strip can be proved to date from about the end of the first century A.D. But what exactly was the Chinese inch of that period? The ruins of the Wall again supply the information in the form of two wooden measures; and from these we learn that the bale found at the Lou-lan site was of the same width, though presumably it is of later date. It may seem an insignificant fact to have established; but one never knows, in archæology, what fact is not going to prove just the one wanted link in some chain of evidence. And in the mass of discoveries recorded and illustrated in these volumes later students will surely find clues of precious value.

The bale of silk would indicate, if it were not known already, that the settlement where it was found owed its existence to the great trade-route across Asia from China to the Levant, which was to make possible the missionary march of Buddhism eastwards. A chain of oasis-settlements was necessary for the caravans in moving across this vast desert country, where the gradual desiccation of the climate has dried up a great inland sea and choked the rivers with sand.

In prehistoric times the desert was inhabited, for Sir Aurel Stein discovered neolithic implements and pottery in its solitudes. Some centuries before Christ, when the country was penetrated by Indian civilization, there were flourishing settlements along the river beds; fields and orchards were watered by a system of canals. But like an ocean the invading sand crept closer; the labors of irrigation were gradually defeated; and one by one, at various dates in the early centuries of our era, towns and orchards were abandoned. Only a few great oases remained, and between them was a waste passable for pilgrims, troops, and traders, but dreaded by all and with good reason.

The terror of superstitious imagination added to its natural horrors. Sir Aurel rode in the tracks of two famous travelers, the Chinese pilgrim Hsüan-Tsang and the Venetian Marco Polo. Each of these has left a description of the desert; and as it was in the eighth century and in the thirteenth so it is to-day. Hsüan-Tsang notes how the sands are always moving, according as the wind piles or scatters them; how there are no tracks, and nothing to go by: 'so travelers collect the bones of animals left behind to serve as road-marks.' He tells how, when the hot winds rise, men and animals lose their senses; they hear singing and wailing; while looking and listening, one becomes stupefied and unable to direct one's self.

This he attributes, like other Chinese travelers, to the lures of evil spirits. And Marco Polo has the same belief. He tells how, if a traveler lags behind his company at night, he will hear spirits talking; sometimes they will call him by name, and he follows the voice and is lost. Phantasmal music, too, they hear, and the sound of drums. But the plain realities of a journey through this desert, with its indistinguishable mounds of wind-bitten sand, are intimidating enough. 'Not a thing to eat is found on it'; but water, often brack-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ish, is found at intervals, and this makes the crossing practicable.

At the various oases are settlements, some still inhabited, or revived in recent times, others long ago abandoned. Whether the failure of irrigation was in all cases the cause of these being deserted, or of political conditions, is a question which Sir Aurel Stein discusses; and he inclines to think that the causes were more complex than has been generally thought. The lateral shifting of the course of rivers, frequent in country of this character, — the Oxus is a notable instance, — may sometimes have made a site impossible. The forsaken settlements have all yielded relics of interest.

In the second century B.C. the Chinese Empire made a great forward movement westward. After an interval of some centuries, during which its dominion and influence receded, another great movement of expansion was made by the Tang Empire, and Chinese ascendancy was reëstablished over the 'Western Region.' Of the former of these movements there is a monument, forgotten and undiscovered till Sir Aurel traced its remains, in an extension westward of the great frontier Wall built by the Han Emperor, Wu Ti, a century before Christ, to guard the lines of communication between China and the newly acquired dominions from incursions of the Huns.

The account of the first recognition of the remains of watchtowers, and the subsequent tracing of the Wall for over one hundred and forty miles and the searching of its towers and stations, forms a fascinating chapter of exploration. The Jade Gate, famous in Chinese poetry and story, named after the most precious of imports from the West, was identified. The litter of guard-rooms — fragments of letters, accounts, orders of the day — was collected. Sir Aurel's careful measurements and observations on the spot enable us to make a mental reconstruction of the Wall; and the labors of the famous Sinologue, Édouard Chavannes, enable us to repeople it with its soldiers, to see them at their daily tasks, and even to look into their minds.

At intervals behind the Wall stood tall watchtowers, each with its little garrison, armed with crossbows and swords. It was their duty, on the alarm of a barbarian raid, to kindle a fire on the tower; in daytime a fire of smoky fuel, at night a fire of clear flame. From tower to tower the signal was repeated, and everywhere along the Wall the guard stood to arms. The War Office, zealous for economy, sends orders forbidding the waste of fuel. An officer is reprimanded, or accuses himself, for neglecting to light the fire.

We know where the soldiers at this or that station came from — some were recruited in the district, others were convicts from Chinese provinces — and what their pay was, and the 'fatigues' they had to do in turn. For they were not only soldiers — they were military colonists; and part of their duty was to grow corn for the victualing of the embassies and missions which passed along the Wall toward Yarkand and the Oxus.

It was a hard life on this desolate frontier. Fragments of letters found lying in the sand illuminate as by flashes the days of tedium and hardship. 'This is a wretched country and I have no news to send.' The writer tries to console himself by hoping that his correspondent is bringing up his children 'with due severity.' What amused the soldiers' leisure? Magic and divination, we find, were practised. Some pored over schoolbooks, trying to keep up their education. Books of medicine were consulted. But it is an atmosphere of solitude and sadness that these relics exhale; the fragments of letters are full of the pain of separation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. Chavannes, who edited these documents in a separate publication issued by the Oxford Press in 1913, emphasized their importance as being the oldest specimens of Chinese writing known (98 B.C. is the earliest of the dates they bear); but he also points out that if we want to realize what this frontier Wall meant to the soldiers and common folk liable to be impressed for service on it, we must turn to later poetry. There we hear echoing the cry of the human misery out of which was built the Great Wall, and the schemes of conquest and political penetration which projected it westward and which history makes so imposing.

The Tang poems make us feel the shiver that ran through the new recruit as he passed under the Jade Gate and met the wind that blew over the desolate sands, and saw for the first time the savage country into which so many had gone and whence so few came back. One poem pictures the company of five thousand strong men going eagerly to the war, confident of victory, clothed in furs against the bitter winter. 'Alas! The bones scattered along the river banks are still men that appear in dreams to their loved ones.'

Another shows us the spent veteran on his starved horse returning from a lifetime of campaigns with all his possessions — his sword; and another recounts the return home, at eighty, of the soldier who went out as a youth of fifteen — he finds only a ruin, overgrown with weeds. And all through this poetry, for which the Wall is haunted by the desolate ghosts of those condemned to build it, we divine the deep disgust of a race devoted to the arts of peace with the savagery of the Huns, 'whose husbandry is carnage and whose only harvest is the white bones on the fields of yellow sand,' and with war itself.

But even the romance of this frontier Wall, with the very human documents littered about its ruins, yields to the romance of the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas. Few more wonderful discoveries have been made by any archæologist than that of the hidden vault, crammed with manuscripts and paintings, whose secret had been kept for some nine centuries, in the rock-hewn shrines near Tun-huang.

The splendor of the treasures acquired by Sir Aurel with such patient efforts of persuasion from the self-appointed guardian of the shrine did not burst at once upon his eyes. The paintings were all crumpled up in bundles of brittle silk, for they had been used to make a level floor for the thousands of manuscripts piled above them; and it was not till they had been unpacked and gradually opened and cleaned — a work of years — in London that the full extent and significance of this find of early Buddhist art were revealed. And the manuscripts, marvelously preserved as they were, — as anyone can see to-day from the specimens exhibited in the King's Library in the British Museum, — awaited the deciphering of palæographers versed in Chinese, Sanskrit, Turki, Tibetan, and other languages.

Among them were found the earliest woodcuts in the world, and the oldest specimen of printing known to exist. One or two Manichæan fragments remind us that the Manichæan religion once flourished in these regions; though these remains are strangely few compared with the remarkable frescoes and manuscripts discovered at Turfan — northwest across the desert — by Von Le Coq, and now at Berlin. Manichæanism has been generally regarded in the West only as a heresy in the history of Christianity; but its Persian founder Manes set out to found an eclectic world-religion, and his followers lived in Turkestan side by side with Buddhists

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and with Christians. The vast majority of the Tun-huang manuscripts are of course Buddhist. So, too, with the paintings. The discovery of these pictures marks an epoch in the study of Buddhist art. It will be long before the full results of their examination have been worked out. But much is clear already.

What gives a special importance to the Tun-huang paintings is the fact that they include, among much that has affinity with the local schools of Buddhist art found at other sites in Turkestan, a number of paintings which remind us strongly of the early Buddhist pictures of Japan. The best of these are of singular beauty. Owing to the decay of Buddhism in China and to infinite destruction, scarcely anything remains of the great Buddhist art which we know to have flourished in the Tang period (seventh to tenth centuries A.D.) and which formed the models for the early Japanese masters. But here at last we find a missing link, and see how the Chinese genius moulded to its use the material derived from India through Turkestan, and made of Buddhist art a new and majestic tradition.

In the treatment of the Buddha legend, costumes, types, and architecture have all been translated bodily into Chinese form. It is otherwise with the pictures of Bodhisattvas and with the many large representations of the Western Paradise, in which the Indian formula and imagery are reverentially preserved, though the artistic idiom is Chinese. Some of these pictures are dated with dates of the ninth and tenth centuries. Two, it has recently been discovered — too recently for the fact to be recorded in these volumes — are signed with the artist's name. In many cases donors are portrayed below the subject of the picture, just as in European altarpieces, and inscriptions.

One cannot leave the Tun-huang treasures without mention of the marvelous specimens of embroidery and textile fabrics found in the Caves. One of these is a magnificent picture executed in embroidery, representing Buddha standing between saints with flying angels above. The figures are lifesize; the fine colors of the silk are perfectly fresh; the whole creates a deep impression of majesty and stillness. Comparison of the costumes of the donors with those of other pictures gives Sir Aurel ground for dating this embroidery as early as the eighth century. The textiles are mostly fragments, bits cut from actual garments, probably, and used as votive offerings. The designs on these textiles are generally Chinese, but a number are of the type associated with the art of Persia under the Sassanian dynasty, in which pairs of confronted animals or birds are a favorite motive.

And again our thoughts turn to Japan; for in the Sho-so-in at Nara, the oldest museum in the world, where all the belongings of an emperor of the eighth century are preserved to this day, we find patterns closely agreeing in type with these, and the same admixture of designs from Western Asia; just as we also find musical instruments of the most exquisite workmanship exactly as they are depicted in the Tun-huang pictures of Paradise. It was from the interior of China that these figured silks came; they were not a local production. And some at least of the paintings we may assume to be the work of no local and provincial school, but of Chinese artists of the great school of Tang, which transmitted its models to Japan.

For the study of Chinese art, then, the Tun-huang paintings provide documents of an importance altogether superior to that of the remains of Buddhist art found at the other Turkestan sites by various European and Japanese ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peditions. Nor are they less illuminative for the study of Buddhism itself. That religion had indeed been transformed in its passage across Central Asia from the doctrine preached by Sakyamuni. Deliverance for the individual soul from the chain of causation by means of right thinking and right behavior has given place to the idea of universal salvation and to the worship of the Bodhisattvas — those beings who renounce the final bliss of Buddhahood which they have earned till the deliverance of the whole world has been accomplished.

Sakyamuni Buddha was not the only Buddha; other Buddhas, also, some of whom may have been adopted from the beliefs or legends of the many races with which the faith had come in contact outside India, receive the prayers of the devout. It is above all Amitabha, the Impersonal Buddha, who is the object of popular devotion. He presides over the Paradise of the West, the Pure Land, into which the souls of the pious may be born, there to rest in bliss for a long age.

And so the typical 'altarpiece' of the Tun-huang pictures presents in various forms, either comparatively simple or immensely elaborate, this Paradise of dream. Pavilions rise from the waters of a lotus-lake, and we see the infant souls enclosed within the lotus-buds or floating on the air toward the assemblage of beatified beings who people the pavilions and the terraces, listening to the concert of angelic musicians who occupy the central space, underneath the dominating presence of the presiding Buddha.

Japanese art had made us familiar with these conceptions of Amitabha-worship; but it was something of a surprise to Petrucci and to Japanese scholars to find that in the paintings of Tun-huang it is not always Amitabha who presides over this Paradise, but sometimes the Buddha of Medicine, or the Buddha of the Future, or even Sakyamuni himself.

Even more popular than Amitabha is the Bodhisattva, who is his spiritual son, Avalokitesvara, or Kuan-yin as he is called in Chinese. Endless are the representations of this incarnation of the Spirit of Compassion, to whom the folk of this frontier town pray for all sorts of mundane boons, — especially protection from Huns and Tatars and Tibetans, — and whom the artists portray in attitude so pensive and with gesture so mild and gracious. Petrucci, whose treatment of the whole subject is at once broad in outline and extremely minute in detail, has disengaged from the mass of material many facts of new interest which will be appreciated by students of Buddhism; showing, for instance, how certain purely Chinese ideas were becoming infused into the religion, and how certain conceptions supposed to have originated in Japan are now proved to have come from China.

We have already mentioned the astonishing specimens of late classical art, which contrast so strikingly with the Chinese art of Tun-huang, though the desert site of Miran is comparatively near. These lunettes of winged angels, with their full eyes and broad contours, make us think at once of Alexandrian painting; and it was probably a citizen of the Roman Empire, Titus by name, who was engaged to paint the Buddha legend, some time in the third century, at this site near the borders of China, on the great trade-route between East and West.

Remote as these archæological discoveries may seem, let us recognize that for us Europeans the closed garden of classical culture is no longer what it was for centuries, the only habitable world of the educated mind. Europe and Asia are being brought into contact, as they have never been since Alexander's day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERATURE AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

[*M. Cammaerts is one of the most distinguished living Belgian poets, whose* Chants Patriotiques *in* 1914 *gave heroic expression to the soul of Belgium.*]

From the *Hibbert Journal, April*
(English Religious Quarterly)

However impatient we may grow at the slow development of international friendships, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that, since the day of the Armistice, a series of events have occurred which may give us at least a reasonable hope that all nations will realize the material and moral necessity of coöperation. I do not allude only to the practical decisions arrived at by the League of Nations and by the Washington Conference. The movement is not limited to the suppression of material conflicts and of the use of force. It aims also at the gradual suppression of moral conflicts and misunderstandings. . . .

If we consider the problem of international relations as a whole, under its spiritual as well as under its material aspects, we shall, from the outset, meet three formidable obstacles: the conflict of interests, the want of education, and the difference of national temperaments. Conflicts of interest may be adjusted internationally as they are between private individuals. There may be difficulty in finding the right tribunal. It may, on certain occasions, be more difficult still to get the decision of such a tribunal recognized; but this is, after all, a practical problem dealing with concrete factors, and it ought not to be outside the scope of wise statesmanship to give it as satisfactory a solution as can humanly be expected.

Ignorance also can be counteracted. The teaching of history and geography, which is far from satisfactory, if considered from the present international point of view, may be reorganized; our press may improve its information, and within a reasonable period of time we may expect that the next generation will grow more interested and less ignorant on the essential problems of international politics.

The third obstacle, though generally ignored, is far more difficult to overcome. For the pure internationalist it does not exist, since everything which is connected with national temperament is considered by him as mere prejudice, and the very principle of nationality may be questioned. But for those who prefer to deal with facts rather than with theories, and whose idealism is not blind to the results of everyday observation, the existence of what is generally called national temperament is obvious. It may be harmful or it may be beneficent: the quality of its influence cannot affect its existence. People belonging to the same nation have inherited, through the influence of physical surroundings and of centuries of common life and tradition, certain characteristics which differentiate them from people belonging to other nations. They may differ in all other ways, through differences of classes, habits, occupation, or individual temperament;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but whatever the importance of the differences which separate them, they are united through a certain turn of mind, a certain mode of feeling, and a certain way of expressing their mind and expressing their feelings which marks them British, French, American, Italian.

Such characteristics are so ingrained that they have resisted a century of industrialism and constant intercourse. London is now closer to Paris and New York to London, but the distinctions existing between British, French, and Americans have scarcely altered. They may be gradually attenuated in a distant future, but they constitute at the present time a hard fact with which we have to deal; and, since it is in the present time that we are endeavoring to improve international intercourse, it would be childish to shut our eyes to the main feature of the problem.

It is of paramount importance, because, unlike the two obstacles already mentioned, divergence of interests and ignorance, it deals with imponderables and permeates practically all international questions. It shows its influence already in the difference of languages, making international conversations difficult, not only because people do not agree to say the same thing, but because they cannot agree to say the same thing in the same way. All those who, from far or near, have had the opportunity of following diplomatic negotiations are aware of the time and energy wasted on mere technicalities. The turn of a phrase, peculiar to one language, the use of a word which does not possess any equivalent, may delay for weeks and months the conclusion of important treaties.

All the difficulties which underlie a good literary translation derive from the same source. The language of a nation reflects its temperament, and there is nothing which brings us closer to the knowledge of national characteristics than an attentive study of colloquialisms and idioms. I dare say that the English expression 'to have a hobby' ought to be translated in French by *enfourcher son dada*. The two expressions are, nevertheless, separated by a gulf — the gulf of national temperament. For the Briton, full of self-control, shyness, and reserve, the hobby may be the most important thing in his life, far more important, anyway, than what he may be pleased to call his 'business.' The self-assertive Frenchman, on the contrary, makes an emphatic distinction between serious and trivial matters. For him *les affaires sont les affaires*, and the *dada* a mere trifle to be laughed at, played with, and thrown aside.

One could give such examples by the score; they would show how vain is the attempt to bring nations together by the invention of a common artificial language such as Esperanto. In natural languages we may at least discern the difference of temperament from the difference of expressions and the meaning attached to them. If we all talked Esperanto, we should all say the same thing, meaning, of course, something quite different, and making confusion worse confounded. . . .

The more we deal with foreign politics, the more we realize that misunderstanding and prejudice are the main causes of trouble. The materialistic view — according to which nations will go on fighting, because there will always be some bone of contention between them, because 'one nation will always want to secure some economic advantages which another nation possesses' — is really a short-sighted one. It amounts to saying that no law could ever have been established to protect the weak, and that no social life can be possible. International interests, like individual interests, can be adjusted,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if not according to the strict dictates of Divine Justice, at least with some approximation of fairness.

The only reason why international difficulties cannot be settled in the same spirit as internal difficulties is that the nations of the world lack a bond of union, and live, spiritually speaking, in water-tight compartments. The most ridiculous prejudices are thus created. Let me quote a trivial example which will show at once the mischief which may be made by this situation when more important problems are dealt with. We have all heard, over here, of the proverbial demonstrativeness of the French, of their exuberance and sentimentalism. The French, on their side, are wont to speak of the cold restraint of the British, of their phlegmatic attitude under the most tragic circumstances, and are inclined to attribute this attitude to a want of feeling. To any one acquainted with both nations it is obviously the reverse which is true. If the French are so demonstrative, it is because, being stern realists, they are bound to clothe their opinions in the cloak of an elaborate courtesy; while if the British are so typically self-controlled, it is because they have naturally a great amount of feeling to control, and dare not let themselves go.

Every popular idea on the same subject might be criticized in the same way. While popular notions are usually sound in their appreciation of human affairs at home, they are nearly always beside the mark when dealing with human nature abroad. They may be right or wrong in the general appreciation expressed, but the point is not whether they are right or wrong but whether their reasons are true or false.

How can we acquire a sound knowledge of other nations' psychology? Personal contact is often advised, but it is not always possible, and, unless practised for years and extended to a great number of people belonging to all classes and professions, may lead to hasty generalizations. A closer study of history and social conditions may certainly prove helpful, but will only give us facts; and what we are trying to find is the light in which we ought to interpret them. No amount of erudition and mere scientific knowledge can provide this spiritual help. The surest method would perhaps be the study of modern classics, that is to say, of the great classics of European civilization, from the Middle Ages onward.

A great deal of discussion is still going on, in educational circles, concerning the advisability or nonadvisability of curtailing the study of Greek and Latin classics. It is urged, on one side, that more time is required for science and technical knowledge, and that the knowledge of Greek and Latin is of no practical use in modern life. It is urged, on the other side, that there is a distinct danger, especially in secondary education, in further sacrificing literary studies and in limiting the outlook of youth to the purely concrete.

It would be impertinent for an outsider to take sides in the debate, but it might be observed that the study of the classics of modern languages might perhaps be substituted, with advantage, for Greek and Latin studies, with an exception, of course, for those who wish to make a special study of the latter. With regard to beauty of language and expression, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Pascal, and Goethe are certainly comparable to the greatest writers of antiquity. Their religion, their philosophy are closer to us, the languages in which they express themselves are still spoken around us, and, what is perhaps more important, many of them give us the key to the temperament of the nation they represent.

It may seem a paradox, but it is impossible not to notice that the great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authors, whose fame is spread all over the world, and who are read, in the original and in translations, in every country, are precisely those who follow the most exclusive and sometimes the most narrow national tendencies. Dante expresses all the qualities and all the mistakes of the Italian character: its burning enthusiasm, its fierce asceticism, and its passionate spirit of revenge. Molière is more typically French than any other of his countrymen by the blending of wit and tragedy and of refinement and shrewd analysis. Shakespeare and Milton represent the two sides of the English temperament — so genial and buoyant, as long as feelings alone are involved, so stern and uncompromising in its ideas.

The natural objection to any proposal of giving more importance in the school curriculum to modern classics is that they imply the knowledge of several languages. It would be difficult, at the present time, to study them otherwise, owing to the inadequacy of existing translations. The art of translating has been allowed to deteriorate, and while in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance the best authors did not disdain to devote years of their life to this kind of work, our modern writers are far too occupied with their own original production to find time for such patient and scholarly undertakings.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine that a translation is of secondary importance and can be written by a secondary writer. As a matter of fact, it requires nearly as much originality and skill to translate a book as to write one; for a good translation not only renders the words of one language into another, but should give an adequate rendering of all images, ideas, and feelings expressed in the original, without the reader being able to notice the effort entailed. The importance of such works cannot be exaggerated. Besides doing real service to the world of letters and to international education, it provides the writer with the best training obtainable, since it obliges him to find an absolutely accurate expression for each particular thought.

In the sixteenth century, the French Amyot owed all his celebrity as a writer to his translations. In recent times, whenever we come across any good version of a foreign book, we find that it has almost invariably been written by some author of note. It is the fashion nowadays in literary circles to declare that good translations are impossible, though it has been shown again and again by Schlegel and Tieck, by Leconte de Lisle, by Maeterlinck, and by many others, that the only condition required is to find a great writer willing to undertake the work.

It may be said that there is no such great virtue in the study of foreign literature, and that writers and critics may be brought together without influencing the masses. It may be argued further that in the Middle Ages there was far more intellectual intercourse between the nations than there is nowadays. Latin constituted then a natural common language which allowed all cultured men to communicate without the least difficulty. All Europeans belonged to the same Church and shared the same faith.

When national literatures developed, almost all important works, whether epics or fabliaux, mystery plays or farces, were promptly translated and developed, so that most works of the period received a French, a Flemish, a German, and an English rendering. A superficial knowledge of Chaucer and of his sources, besides giving us an excellent example of literary translations in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, will provide us with a general view of the European literature of the time. The famous legend of Tristram and Isolt spread

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from France to England and Germany, and received various treatments in every one of these countries. In the same way, the Flemish satiric poem of *Reinaert* was reproduced during the thirteenth century in France and Germany. Critics still discuss whether the Flemish or the English text of the morality play, *Everyman*, written in the fifteenth century, is the original.

During this whole period authors never worried themselves concerning the originality of their plots. They used material which was common property, and it was only in the treatment of this material that they displayed their originality. There has been no time in European civilization when literature and art were more widely open to foreign influences, and there was perhaps no time when local and national rivalries caused more violent conflicts.

If any proof were wanted to show that artistic and intellectual intercourse cannot succeed alone in bringing peace to the world, the situation prevailing during the pre-Renaissance period would be a sufficient argument. But war does not mean to-day what it meant during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is no longer a quarrel between feudal princes, or even an expedition undertaken by the prince to further his own personal interests or his own personal ambition. It no longer involves a limited number of knights or a few thousand mercenaries, most of them of foreign extraction. Through the gradual centralization of power and through the development of industrialism, it has reached proportions which were never dreamed of in the past. The whole nation is now involved, and the number of casualties and the extent of devastation are out of all proportion with those of mediæval enterprises.

During the Middle Ages war might have been considered almost as a normal phenomenon. It was the natural trade of the aristocracy, and the only justification for its existence. The peasants and traders suffered from it, but neither the people nor the bourgeoisie had obtained enough power in the state to make their protests heard and to influence the prince's policy. Besides, there was a glamour attached to individual valor which appealed to the people's imagination; a battle could be visualized as a series of duels, which were sung by poets and described by artists, just as they had been sung and described in the heroic times of Greece. By many of those who waged it, it was considered much in the same light as sport in British universities, and it formed, in the same way, an important item in the young nobles' education.

It would, therefore, be unfair to say that closer intellectual relationship nowadays might not affect international relations because, in a distant past, such intellectual relationships existed throughout Europe simultaneously with periodic outbursts of strife. The movement which we witness to-day toward the creation of world citizenship can in no way be compared with the weak attempts made by the Church to impose, from time to time, a truce in the land. The very conception of world citizenship was foreign to those times. Nationality had scarcely begun to exist, let alone internationalism based on the friendship of nations. Europe, it is true, possessed greater unity from the artistic and intellectual point of view; politically and morally, it was still broken up in thousands of contending units.

It would be foolish to argue that closer intellectual relationship might have brought people together at a time when economic and political conditions were adverse to the formation of a larger commonwealth; but now that, for the first time, all nations begin to realize their interdependence from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the economic and even from the political points of view, we may well wonder whether a closer intellectual understanding may not remove some serious difficulties.

We have all heard the argument according to which peace must be reestablished by intimate trade relations and traveling facilities. After all the capitals of the world had been brought closer and closer together and the number of travelers had enormously increased, the idea of universal solidarity was expected to make some progress. Events have scarcely confirmed this prophecy. We begin to realize that all the technical improvements, so valuable in times of peace, may also become extremely useful in time of war. Technical civilization has provided mankind with a mighty instrument which increases its power for good or evil, so that, while liberal philosophers of the last century promised us times when armed conflicts should become impossible, we have seen these armed conflicts become more and more murderous, and extend over a wider area.

Every student of history must be struck by the unbalanced condition of our present civilization. Compared with more or less harmonious civilizations, such as those of ancient Greece and mediæval Europe, we are enormously overweighted on the material side. We possess technical equipment compared with which the civilization of the fifteenth century seems in a state of infancy. But, from the artistic and literary points of view, European nations are perhaps further apart than they were at that time. It is scarcely necessary to pursue the comparison further, in the domains of architecture and decorative arts, for instance. The fact which interests us here is not that mediæval craftsmen might have shown more refinement than our own, but that the craftsmen, painters, and writers of all civilized countries worked with one purpose, dealt with the same subjects, and constantly communicated the results of their labor to each other.

Any educated man in England or France, at the present moment, is far less acquainted with art and literature across the Channel than he would have been five hundred years ago. It is true that intellectual production is much larger, and that a selection is difficult to make. What happens, as a matter of fact, is that the selection is made, not according to real value, but according to popularity; and that we are only allowed to know of each other's literature, with a few exceptions, the authors who have catered for popular success.

The same thing is not true of science and applied science. There we have a certain number of important reviews laying before the scientists of all countries the results achieved. Since the knowledge of at least two foreign languages forms the necessary equipment of anyone engaged in research work, the European literature of each subject does not need to be translated to reach its special public. Finally, international congresses bring together doctors, historians, engineers, and all scientists.

Such efforts are invaluable, but they can scarcely be expected to bring about a change of heart among the nations of the world. Concrete science is not directly concerned with the expression of feeling which we sum up under the word *temperament*. It does not deal with imponderables and the subtleties of national psychology. In order to obtain certain concrete results, it is, on the contrary, bound to discard vague and often irrational generalities. Whether written in French, in German, or in English, one scientific book reads very like another, and it is only in certain sciences, such as history or art criticism, which lie very close to litera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture, that a certain difference of outlook may distinguish them.

This close relationship existing in scientific circles renders still more conspicuous the lack of artistic and literary cohesion. As a matter of fact, it is precisely in the domain in which constant communication is most required that we find ourselves lying further apart. We may read dozens of French scientific books without in the least increasing our knowledge of the French people, just as we may travel for years throughout Europe without leaving the atmosphere of our cosmopolitan hotels. While it is true to say that an hour spent with Lamartine or De Musset would be extremely fruitful, from an internationalist's point of view, we must admit that difficulties are considerably increased nowadays by the present conditions of modern literature. It has become far more difficult to discover, among the scores of authors who attract public attention, the two or three who give us an insight into the soul of their country.

Our various literatures are not only separated, but each of them works on distinct lines; and the grouping of writers in schools, such as the romantic school in France or even the Victorian writers in England, becomes increasingly difficult. We not only lack the opportunities of broader relationship, we lack also the common source of inspiration which constituted a strong bond of union between European writers in the past. If mediæval art and literature acquired such European characteristics, is it not because, to a great extent, it derived its inspiration from the Christian faith? And if we are driven so far apart nowadays, is it not because we have not yet reached the time when a religious revival shall bring us together again?

When Louis IX of France met Brother Giles he did not know a word of Italian; neither did Brother Giles know a word of French. They were satisfied with embracing each other in silence, and after a short time 'St. Louis went his way on his journey and Brother Giles returned to his cell; and, as the other brothers wondered at the unmannerly attitude of Giles, the latter reassured them, saying: "Beloved brothers, wonder not at this, for neither could I speak a word to him nor he to me, because, as soon as we embraced each other, the light of wisdom revealed and manifested his heart to me and mine to him; and thus . . . we knew much better what I would have said to him and he would have said to me, than if we had spoken it with the mouth, and with more consolation than if we had gone about to explain with the voice that which we felt in our hearts."' In this way did the King of France and the humble Italian monk solve all the difficulties deriving from difference of languages, translations, and international misunderstandings, for the 'light of wisdom' shone in their eyes.

Those who have not the privilege of possessing this light, or who can only hope for a faint reflection of it, cannot expect to achieve such results whatever the value attached to their artistic or literary production. Saints do not need words to express themselves; but there are, unhappily, few saints in the world, and to the great majority of us words and images remain the only means, however imperfect, through which we may express ourselves and communicate with our fellow men. Keeping within our hearts the memory of those who, with one look, could annihilate all barriers erected between individuals and nations, ought we not to strive, with the material at our disposal, to follow their example as far as our strength permits, and try to make the words of all languages the servants of one spirit?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VILLAGE IN LOWER SLOVAKIA

BY MARIE-ANNE CHASTEIGNER

[*The writer, in an introductory note, reminds us that whereas Bohemia, Moravia, and the Teschen district of Silesia were formerly parts of Austria, Slovakia was, prior to the revolution of October* 18, 1918, *a dependency of the Hungarian Crown. The Slovaks are now united with the people of these provinces in the new state of Czechoslovakia, and though so long separated from them, are closely related in blood and language. During the period of Hungarian propaganda, the policy of 'Magyarization' led to the representation of much Slovakian national culture as Hungarian. 'But this,' the author adds, 'was not Magyar at all; it was profoundly Slavic.'*]

From *La Revue Bleue, May* 20
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

OUR automobile carries us through a cloud of dust, and the immense plain seems to unroll behind us until it is lost to view under the gray and cloudy sky. A few trees scattered here and there are the only things that catch the eye as it glances across this dull, bare expanse. Over there to the left, rows of houses, as much alike as so many barracks, edge the sunken road on either side, and a little farther back rises the church steeple — the only watcher over the whole vast steppe.

A pitiless wind is blowing, whirling up columns of dust. It is only eight kilometres to Vajnori from Bratislava, — which is none other than the Pressburg of the war dispatches and the Pozsony of the Hungarians, — and we can see the village long before we reach it. It seems to grow more and more distant, but in the end we approach and at last arrive. The rough road grows wider; rows of white houses, low and with long sloping roofs, edge the wide street. Along the dry walls runs a row of yellow maize and between the double windows there are displays of red geraniums. The great street is dusty and empty, but the flocks of white geese are everywhere and fill the silence with their quacking. A flock of black crows makes a streak across the lowering sky. The street is desolate, the houses are empty and closed; the geese alone rule over the passageways, furrowed with the ruts of cart wheels. Where are the owners of the houses?

We descend from the car and walk on through the dust, the white geese rising to get out of our way. The porch before the church is open, and white headdresses, bowed in prayer, fill its arch. There are people all around the church, too, for the little babies, with their crying, keep their mothers outside. Like the madonnas painted by famous artists of all the centuries, they are praying with their little ones held before them on feather pillows. Here is one kneeling until she touches the little heels of her black boots; her breast is covered with vivid embroideries in many colors, which lose themselves in the thousand folds of her blue skirt, swelling with the petticoats underneath and covered with a black apron adorned with dazzling flowers. Her face, with its fine features, is bowed. Her head is covered with a stiff white handkerchief. As she watches over the beribboned and belaced little modern replica of the Infant Jesus who, clasped in her arms, is playing with her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keys, she prays, lifting her eyes upward and adoring the Child of God — God and her own child.

Here is another woman, younger, lost in wonder at the infant-God who prattles on her arm. She tells her beads, and the little one snatches at them in delight. Her sister, kneeling at a cross near by, is fervently invoking the Lord's blessing upon the little one who is playing with the pages of her missal; and she is praying, too, for those who are sleeping their last sleep behind the little wall and for those whose names one reads at the entrance — the brave men who fell in Russia and the poor unfortunates who met their death in the Hungarian ranks. I see the same surnames repeated three, four, even five times.

At a little distance, all the little girls, in light-colored bonnets, are whispering and spelling out the words in their book with the little boys, who are all wearing black hats. Over there, close to the wall, a young mother is quite distracted because she cannot quiet her child. She puts it into the great embroidered cloth across her back and pats the little one with her hand, cradling it as she sways back and forth in her great boots. Close by the cemetery the men are praying, their black clothing brightened by their shirts, which are embroidered in brilliant colors. Engaged in their devotions, they do not see us.

Quietly we make our way into the church, and the people make room for us with a kindly smile. The women are singing with sweet and melancholy voices. The lovely puffed white sleeves, covered with embroidery, are crowded against one another. The old men are seated, each bending his head, with its long white hair, over yellowing pages, some of which have been written by the hands of gallant ancestors who, daring the wrath of the Magyars, wrote down their prayers in the Slovak language. What strange faces they have, these old laborers and vineyard workers! Their features are so strongly cut that one wishes for a sculptor to see them. The head of every one of the old fellows is original and interesting. Which of them seems most meditative, which most stubborn? When they pray, bent beneath the Divine Power, they recall our own Bretons.

The bells ring, and all this sober crowd file slowly out, crossing themselves before the crucifix. Four beautiful girls — their sleeves ornamented with gold embroidery — pass by, their heads held high beneath red ribbons. They make the flagstones ring under the soles of their boots. They are four rich heiresses. The crowd scatters along the three dusty streets of the village, everyone going to his own home.

In a lowered voice and with a thousand excuses and formulas of politeness, our kindly guide asks permission on our behalf to enter one of the houses. The judge is away, but his steward, an agreeable old person, opens the doors to us. What a surprise to find a kitchen decorated like a chapel, its white walls illumined with paintings! Here are arabesques, scrolls, and whorls — a little awkward but charming. Silver tulips, roses of delicate red, blue stripes, and hieratic silver columns bedeck the home, looking as though they had come from some old Persian manuscript. Above the door are clusters of grapes, simply drawn in chalk, still waiting for the colors, and these simple motifs — a little conventionalized — recur at regular intervals. The walls are covered with plates and decorated utensils.

What artist, with taste naïve but sure, has passed this way? The woman, the wife, the mother, whom you see there, already faded at thirty after so much weeding of the garden, working,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and feeding of little ones — yes, it is she who, without any model, has designed and painted all this. All the sweet and gentle poetry of her Slovak soul has found its way out at her finger tips. She speaks that sonorous language pleasantly. She runs from cupboard to chest, filling the great room with the rustling of her petticoats.

She is proud to show us her own masterpieces and those of her mother and her grandmothers — these marvelous embroideries, as finely wrought as the chasubles of the bishops of the Middle Ages. On the table, which is decorated with vivid paintings of flowers and hearts, cloth blouses are piled, the shoulders covered with geometric designs, embroidered in cloth of gold and silver, with sleeves of brightly colored spindle lace, like that worn by the young husband who is highly pleased at the compliments paid his wife. Smilingly she shows us the curtains of the closed bed, like those in our own Brittany, all covered over with great birds and parti-colored pillows and what not besides!

She is wearing a kind of bolero, enameled with embroidered flowers like a meadow in spring. It is of white leather, with yellow cowslips, blue hyacinths, daisies, snowdrops, primroses, and mauve bellflowers — the whole season of spring upon her breast! A sonnet of Ronsard is ringing in my memory. Is it possible that these hands, which, only yesterday, were busy digging potatoes, should have woven these exquisite threads the winter before? When the heavy snow covers the steppes, when the great silence of death weighs down upon them, these Slovak women — in embroidery and paint — portray the coming resurrection of the earth.

The old man insists upon our drinking his new wine, which bites a little. We drink to France, '*Francie! Franconstii!*' — magic words that smooth out the wrinkles and illumine the faces. Here upon the wall, between two holy images and close to the little statue of the Virgin in its golden mantle, there is a picture of a young man in Hungarian uniform — killed while he was making his escape to the Russians, his old mother tells us. Nevermore will he see this pleasant room with all its flowers; he has died for the liberty of his Czech and Slovak brothers, for the sake of this little boy who climbs upon our knees; he has died that the little fellow may never fear the Magyar power, may never dread the menace of the overlord. We bow very low before the soldier's picture, our hands pressed together; and the tears come to our eyes.

We rest for a while on the bench that runs about two sides of the room, on which the young wife yesterday wrote her name, the name of her husband, and the date of their marriage, with flowers around them. Among these kindly friends we forget ourselves. It is getting late, and yet we should like to talk of so many things, especially with the old man, who might understand us better because he knows a little German. There are books on the little table, — Bibles, calendars, books of national songs, — piously cherished through the generations. In the town near by the Magyars were masters only yesterday. But what can force do against a little boy who sings his nation's songs while he watches over his geese, or against a peasant woman with her embroidery, expressing all her simple soul in these lovely flowers?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON KIND HEARTS BEING MORE THAN CORONETS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

From the *New Statesman, May* 20
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THAT is true. But a friend having remarked to me that Cash was more than kind hearts, I put the thing down in a formula for myself, thus, —

Cash > Kind Hearts > Coronets

and sat gazing at it for a long time, until it awoke other thoughts in me.

And the first was this: '"Kind hearts are more than Coronets." What an intolerably bad line! What a shocking line — or rather, half-line! What an outrage!'

When verse is concerned one must not mince matters. It is too sacred. One must have no reservations. One must ride roughshod over one's nearest and dearest, and proclaim bad verse aloud, and say, 'Aroint! Hony!'

No reverend name, no illustrious label half-mixed with the State itself, should deter one. Nothing should impede the truth on bad verse save a substantial offer of money — and where is the chance of that in such a galley?

No! It is prime duty. Having the thing before you, having seen it, whether your opinion is asked or no, speak out at once and say, with Charles Kingsley: 'Madam, this is not poetry, it is a verse. It is not good verse; it is bad verse.'

And what wickedly bad verse!

I remember coming down on to Stamford one July morning (I was following the Roman road across Burleigh Park, and so down to the river), when I saw in the window of a little shop among the first houses of the town, hither of the bridge, a card — an ornamented card; a florally ornamented card — put up for sale. It was a set of verses all about a rich man who owned Burleigh, that great house, and who married a young woman much poorer than himself. I read them and paid little attention to them. I thought they were some local thing made up to sell in a charity.

But a little way on I found another set in another window, and then another, all just the same. I read them again, and something familiar echoed in my mind; something of childhood.

I sought — There was an odd connection with *Locksley Hall.* Yet what had *Locksley Hall* to do with Burleigh? Then it broke in on me like an evildoer breaking sacred locks: Tennyson! Tennyson had written this amazing thing!

And so he did *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* And in *Lady Clara* comes 'Kind hearts = Coronets + K' ('K' being some positive number) — I had found it!

The answer to all those who ask why great poets (and especially our great poets, and especially our modern great poets) write rubbish is as old as the Higher Criticism. It is because a poet is only a man used by the gods. It is not the man himself who is the poet. He is only the reed. Those Good Poets who don't publish their Bad Verse along with their poetry are only those who happen to be good critics *and* at the same time very keen on their reputation as verse-writers. All good Poets have written execrable verse, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as to who writes Poetry I will tell you: it is a god.

A lot might be written, by the way (but I will not write it), on the different kinds of bad verse put out by Good Poets. The 'Kind hearts and Coronets' monstrosity is quite, quite different from Wordsworth's prose, or Corneille's dotage. Some might say that each great poet had his own kind of bad verse. It is not so. Their bad verse is not good enough to be individual. They do it in commonplace groups; and I suppose each falls into the group natural to him when the god is not blowing through the reed, or when it proves a broken reed. Thus Hugo left un-godded becomes mere rhetoric, and Milton, a stately painter at the best, a tiresome tractarian at the worst — as in the theological bits of *Paradise Regained*. Horace (I think — I won't look it up) said that a poet was such that, however bad a line might be, you felt the poet in it. If Horace said that, or if anyone said that, it is n't true. But talking of truth, 'kind hearts are more than coronets' is quite true, and I can imagine that truth being put into fine verse — even into poetry, if and when the god should feel inclined — and here I pause to praise you, Phœbus Apollo, my protector, my leader, my Capitan; but you have a way of quitting; you leave them in the Scæan Gate —

There is nothing against Truth being expressed in Poetry, even though most Poetry is lies.

'*Nox est perpetua una dormiunda*' is Poetry — though it is sternly true; at least, it is half true.

And 'between a sleep and a sleep' is Poetry, and so is 'Our little life is rounded with a sleep' — where the operative word is 'rounded.'

'Every English sentence, gentlemen,' said the Professor to his class, 'contains an *operative* word. For instance, in the sentence: "Every gentleman who hits a coconut will receive a good cigar," the operative word is not "gentleman," but "good."'

So also is both Poetry and profoundly true that line of granite, —

L'amour est un plaisir, l'honneur est un devoir,

which I quote again and again; though I suppose a great many people will say it is not Poetry at all, and cannot be, because it is written in a foreign language. Well! Well!

So is also: —

Dead honor risen outdoes love at last.

That also is Poetry, though in the more formal manner. But that last line has this drawback about it: which is, that only those who have lived to a certain age and in a certain way can know the truth of it; and that those who have not lived the truth of it will not make much of it anyhow. Young people will make nothing of it, nor those who have become old blamelessly, of whom a great number are to be found to this day in the outlying parts and among the seafaring men.

But I say that truth is no bar to poetry, nor bad verse to truth either. And I say that this half-line of horribly bad verse is as true as true.

Which of you, O my companions, having drunk the wine of this world and half-despaired, would not rather fetch up in your dereliction against a kind heart than a coronet? I don't say the two combined are to be despised. I only ask: Which of you having strictly to choose in the dark passage of this life between (*a*) a coronet with a bad heart, (*b*) a kind heart without a coronet — wealth being equal — would not choose *b*? I would. So would you all. I cannot answer for women; but as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain said, 'I know my own people,' and the bearded ones (or those who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be bearded but for the detestable necessity of shaving) will with one moaning voice reply: 'Kind Hearts.' 'No, thank you; I do not feel inclined for a Coronet this evening; bring me a Kind Heart.'

Which of you, O my brethren, having suffered the things of this world and finding yourself sitting lonely on the bank of a stream in some forest place, would not desire to have approach him, rather than a shallow, silly, boring, untenacious, stupid, cranky, ill-tempered, nagging, sour, pinched, haggard woman with a little coronet on her wig, a warm, a just, an experienced, a tender, an at-the-right-time-silent, a speaking-the-unexpected-word-of-salvation-at-the-Heaven-sent-moment, true, profoundly-loving, sufficiently admiring, comforting, regally beautiful woman with a kind heart? Which of you would not leave the first to approach the second — supposing, of course, equal incomes?

It is as true a thing as ever was said. But it was said badly. He ought not to have attempted it in metre until he was feeling in the mood.

I can hear arguments on the other side. A coronet is more amenable to the will of man. You can buy a coronet. You cannot buy a kind heart. To call kind hearts 'better' than coronets, therefore, is like calling fine weather 'better' than a good boat. For the sea the boat is more important than the weather. You can guarantee the one, you can't the other. You can make sure of your coronet, but not of your kind heart.

Again, a coronet does not change or fade — money being always taken for granted. It is incorruptible. It is not subject to our poor mortal years; but what it is on the brow of the infant, that it remains on the senile and wrinkled front of him last ticked off to answer questions in the House of Lords. But a Kind Heart! — Oh, Chronos!

Again a coronet is heritable. A kind heart hardly so. A coronet is definable. All are agreed upon it. It is there or it is not there, and that's an end of it. Not so the Kind Heart. One having seized on a companion forever, and all on account of a Kind Heart, many will say, 'I can't for the life of me discover what he (she) saw in her (him) to make him (her) marry her (him).' But no one ever says that of a coronet. They may say it of the coronet to the non-coronet, but never of the non-coronet to the coronet. If the fellow (or the wench) mates upward with a coronet, everybody knows why; it's plain sailing and there can be no dispute.

A coronet, I say, is something objective, substantial, real. It is made of ashwood covered with plush, it has spikes and each spike a ball on the top. But who shall define a Kind Heart? It is one thing to one man, one to another; it is elusive; it is all in the mind like the Metaphysician's Donkey.

More: a Coronet of itself can bring about no evil. It is good in itself absolutely. It conveys a definitely good thing, enjoyable to those who enjoy it and at the worst indifferent to those who do not. It is a steady, unmixed, absolute pleasure to its owner and to others. But a Kind Heart? No! A kind heart suffers; and it causes suffering — more than it heals. It makes its owner as often as not despised, always taken advantage of. It is a perilous, uncertain thing.

Nevertheless, I return to my judgment, kind hearts *are* more than coronets. They are less rare; they are more easily captured; they are much cheaper. Yet they are more. One may put them somewhere between coronets and good verse, but, of course, nowhere near Poetry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

MATCHICHE

BY OSBERT SITWELL

[*Wheels*]

THE Mexican dwarfs can dance for miles,
Stamping their feet and scattering smiles,
Till the loud hills laugh and laugh again
At the dancing dwarfs in the golden plain;
Till the bamboos sing as the dwarfs dance by,
Kicking their feet at the jagged sky,
That torn by leaves and gashed by hills
Rocks to the rhythm the hot sun shrills.
The bubble-sun stretches shadows that pass
To noiseless jumping-jacks of glass,
So long, so thin, so silent and opaque
That the lions shake their orange manes and quake;
And a shadow that leaps over Popocatapetl
Terrifies the tigers as they settle
Catlike limbs cut with golden bars,
Under bowers of flowers that shimmer like stars.

Buzzing of insects flutters above,
Shaking the rich trees' treasure-trove,
Till the fruit rushes down like a comet, whose tail
Thrashes the night with its golden flail;
The fruit hisses down with a plump from its tree
Like the singing of a rainbow as it dips into the sea;
Loud red trumpets of great blossoms blare
Triumphantly like heralds who blow a fanfare,
Till the humming bird, bearing Heaven on its wing,
Flies from the terrible blossoming,
And the humble honeybee is frightened by the fine
Honey that is heavy like money and purple like wine;
While birds that flaunt their pinions like pennons
Shriek from their trees of oranges and lemons,
And the scent rises up in a cloud, to make
The hairy swinging monkeys feel so weak
That they each throw down a bitter coconut or mango.
Up flames a flamingo over the fandango;
Glowing like a fire, and gleaming like a ruby,
From Guadalajara to Guadalupe
It flies — in flying drops a feather
— And the snatching dwarfs stop dancing
— and fight together.

PHENOMENON IN ABSENCE

BY EDGELL RICKWORD

[*Form*]

THE mountains are bleak and bare
Unlovely stone,
Once in the darkening air
She is gone.

Effort can bring no bloom
To hang there, nor water
To lighten the gloom
In Solitude, of matter.

Thought stirs not the rock
Of Mind, that mountain;
But her pale crumple frock —
A moonlit fountain.

Whence the strange fragrance falls
Of her love in past hours,
Plashing the stony walls
Sets moss there with flowers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINTER NIGHTFALL

BY J. C. SQUIRE

[*Poems: Second Series*]

THE old yellow stucco
Of the time of the Regent
Is flaking and peeling:
The rows of square windows
In the straight, yellow building
  Are empty and still;
And the dusty, dark evergreens
Guarding the wicket
Are draped with wet cobwebs,
And above this poor wilderness
Toneless and sombre
  Is the flat of the hill.

They said that a colonel
Who long ago died here
Was the last one to live here:
An old, retired colonel,
Some Fraser or Murray,
  I don't know his name;
Death came here and summoned him,
And the shells of him vanished
Beyond all speculation;
And silence resumed here,
Silence and emptiness,
  And nobody came.

HERODIADE

BY EDITH SITWELL

[*Façade*]

THE snow dies, that was cold as coral
Or a fairy story's moral,

And birds put forth their song's soft flowers
In the thickets and the bowers.

Salome walks the land — the quaint
Flowers crisp as snow, and youthful, feint

To watch from Heaven's palaces
With footsteps soft as calices

The angels come as pages, show
Salome how to touch the low

Lute-notes and dance the saraband,
Leading the Princess by the hand.

Until Salome's nurse appears,
Harsh as the snow — with shivering fears

The angels go again, discern
Theirs is no dance that she must learn.

A LONELY PLACE

BY EDWARD SHANK

[*Spectator*]

THE leafless trees, the untidy stack,
  Last rainy summer raised in haste,
Watch the sky turn from fair to black,
  And watch the river fill and waste.

But never a footstep comes to trouble
  The seagulls in the new-sown corn,
Or pigeons rising from late stubble,
  And flashing lighter as they turn.

Or if a footstep comes 't is mine,
  Sharp on the road or soft on grass,
Silence divides along my line,
  And closes behind me as I pass.

No other comes, no laborer
  To cut his shaggy truss of hay,
Upon the road no traveler,
  Day after day, day after day.

And even I, when I come here,
  Move softly on, subdued and still,
Lonely as death, though I can hear
  Men shouting on the other hill.

Day after day, though no one sees,
  The lonely place no different seems,
The trees, the stack still images
  Constant in who can say whose dreams?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TWO MODERN DUNCIADS AND THEIR VICTIMS

POETIC feuds are bitter and none of them are more so than that which rages between the extreme radicals among London poets, whose organ is the annual volume of *Wheels*, — which for the last six years has been filling conservative critics with wrath, — and the staid and eminently respectable practitioners of the art poetic who contribute to the more conventional magazines and especially to the *London Mercury*.

The poets of *Wheels* are led by Captain Osbert Sitwell and Miss Edith Sitwell; and the relatively large proportion of the British public that disapproves of their artistic activities is wont to make scathing remarks about the family monopoly of 'new' poetry, for still another and a younger Sitwell — hight Sacheverell — is a member of the group. Still, it must be admitted that the embattled Sitwells are supported by a number of other versifiers. Aldous Huxley, Alan Porter, Sherard Vines, H. R. Barbor, Charles Orange, Paul Selver, and Augustine Rivers appear in the last 'cycle' of *Wheels;* and there are a number of other English poets who show their influence.

'The *Wheels* group' — the style and title approved in referring to these poets — are quite distinct from the Anglo-American school of Imagists and vers librists who a few years ago were setting us all by the ears. These *Wheels* poets, in short, are the most novel of the new. Sometimes they write ordinary accented verse. One, Osbert Sitwell, has been strongly influenced by Vachel Lindsay, notably in his two Mexican pieces, 'Song,' which was printed in the *Living Age* of February 19, 1921, and his 'Matchiche,' which appears elsewhere in this issue. And when they are really radical in mood, they are prone to write 'poems' that it would puzzle any save members of the inner circle of *Wheels* — somewhere near the axle for choice — to distinguish from plain prose (and prose in all senses of the word, at that).

Like most innovators, the *Wheels* poets — whom nobody, for some reason, has yet thought of calling cyclists — disapprove of all men less radical than themselves. It seems quite probable that the disapproved reciprocate the emotion; but they rarely express their disapprobation, except in extremely short and icy reviews, whereas the radicals are both more vocal and more heated.

The other group centres about the *London Mercury*, of which Mr. J. C. Squire is editor and Mr. Edward Shanks assistant editor. These collaborators do not hesitate to publish their own work in their own magazine; but they also find generous space for a number of other poets, and the work of Edgell Rickword, John Freeman, W. J. Turner, Robert Graves, Louis J. McQuilland, Louis Golding, and W. Scott Moncrieff appear frequently in the *Mercury*. Their poems are usually cast in the conventional models, — at least they seldom discard rime and never discard reason, — although they do experiment with new rhythms and do not always escape from obscurity. *Wheels*, on the other hand, revels in the freest of verse, and only occasionally condescends to the comprehensible.

When the 1921 volume appeared, it included an amusing assault on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more conservative poets. This modern Dunciad — though most of its victims are not dunces by any means — was called 'The Death of Mercury,' and issued from the pen of Miss Augustine Rivers, who represents the twin goddesses, Mediocrity and Dullness, as engaged in the praise of Mr. Squire and his fellow poets: —

These Goddesses love England, where alone
Is dull praise given to their duller throne;
And as, in state, they to their temple go,
They hymn 'Praise Squire from whom all blessings flow.
Oh, may he prosper! May his brood increase,
And death to all who are not Dull as he is!'
Up from glad Earth the chorus swells again,
'Praise Squire, praise Squire!' We hear the swift refrain
That leaps like fire from every school and college,
From stately London home or Cotswold cottage,
Wherever poet meets a poet brother
(Or makes an income by reviewing each other).
The echo alters to 'We never tire
Of hearing Squire on Shanks and Shanks on Squire.'

The goddesses dispatch Mercury, messenger of the gods (Dullness and Mediocrity are certainly newcomers to the classic pantheon), with a message to the London editor, and the god descends to earth, —

Where amid waving asphodel and thistle
Browse, foursquare, steadfast in their serried ranks,
The forms of Freeman, Turner, Graves, and Shanks,
While Reckless Rickword and a thousand more,
Rally, and pass the word from bore to bore!
Behind these showed the forms of many a villain.
Two Louis were there. One was our McQuilland,
Who writes for Scottish journals, *Passing Show*,
And many a paper that we do not know.
The other, proving by his name, when told,
That all that does not glitter is not gold,
Skulking behind that black enormous building
Is Louis Golding — better, Louis Gilding.
Near by, another surly Scot — Moncrieff,
Who brings the Early Saxon songs to grief,
Who translates *Beowulf*, and then (oh, epitaph!)
Has on the cover his own photograph.

(Mr. Moncrieff's new version of *Beowulf* appeared just before the poem.)

Unhappily, when the messenger from Olympus arrives, Mr. Squire — whose fondness for cricket is well known — is away at a cricket match; and while Mercury waits for his return, he picks up a copy of his magazine.

. . . So, in his room, unseen,
Rests Mercury, and reads a magazine
In which much praise of Dullness now appears.
He looks to see the name: alas! there leers
His face, his own, that once spelt speed and joy
— Drawn on the cover by the office boy!!

(For, as a matter of fact, every number of the *London Mercury* bears on its cover the helmeted head of the ancient god.) This discovery, the satirist assures us, is a little too much for Mercury, who is getting old, anyhow. He dies of shock: —

The Messenger of Gods rests where he read,
In awful peace. For Mercury is dead,
As dead as can be, as dead as Anne-the-Queen
— Or as that dullest, deadest magazine!

And Mr. Squire never receives his message from Heaven.

The attack is amusing because it is so evidently meant to be bitter; but most people will probably find *Wheels* a good deal duller than the *Mercury*. Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, however, who is now literary editor of the *Daily Herald*, looks with entire approval upon Miss Edith Sitwell, for in a review of her most recent book, *Façade*, he reprints her poem 'Herodiade,' and declares her 'a first-class writer,' at the same time inviting those who disagree with him to wait thirty years and then behold her enshrined in all the most orthodox anthologies.

But the radicals have not had it quite all their own way. When Madame Tetrazzini was in London, eight of the *Wheels* group — 'representing the Young Poets of Great Britain' — presented her with a chaplet of bay leaves, bearing the somewhat incoherent inscription: 'To Madame Tetrazzini, from the Young Poets of England to the Queen of Song. In Admiration.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The amazing audacity of the gesture woke to wrath an anonymous writer in the *New Witness* (a magazine which rather specializes in wrath of all descriptions). This gentleman was so indignant that he wrote a satire at least as long as Miss Rivers's. Being a conservative in the arts, he evidently felt obliged to follow classic precedent and invoke the Muse's aid in order to be as withering as possible: —

If, Muse, you are not coy at this emprise,
Come, lend assistance, darling, ere I bust.
There's matter here for muses, men, and mice,
And p'lice inspectors, and the Chantrey Trust,
And gentlemen who call around for dust,
And Milton, who's not living at this hour,
And Swift and Rabelais rolled into one —
Come, prithee, Muse, no matter in what guise,
Or grave or gay, so you lend of your power;
Giving the laggard pen, as 't were, a shove.

Having thus got a good running-start, the anonymous satirist set out to attack the 'young poets' one by one, with an extra jab or two at the head of the deputation, one Lord Berners, whose name, though doubtless well known to Burke and DeBrett, is — to be quite frank — not so well known to fame as it might be. This is one of the least blistering stanzas: —

Poets, ye gods! And these are England's chosen!
Bay leaves, O fish! And who the Devil's Berners?
And her this precious crew set out to cozen —
These self-deputed, sorry incense-burners —
Her — Tetrazzini — great in song as Turner's
Great in art — why, she's the only singer
Among the whole damn lot! Oh, piteous pass!
Heu prisca fides! when upon a dozen
Self-advertising simperers could bring her
To this contaminate end! The thing's absurd!
Why was Olympus sleeping and where was
The god who flayed the hide of Marsyas,
When this most priceless travesty occurred?

The individual references are not all polite, but perhaps the references to the Sitwell family will bear reproduction. The satirist describes how

. . . Edith, sighing for another Troy,
Adjusts the bib of little Sachervell —
But who the Devil Berners is none knows.
A mystery! And none will ever know.

Lord Berners evidently rankles, but presently the poet returns to the Sitwell family long enough to lament that the time may come when

. . . Captain Sitwell for Apollo's sake
Is made a Major, and the loveliest box
Is given Miss Rivers of assorted 'chocs.'

Art and war are very much alike after all.

*

SIEGFRIED SASSOON AND NEW ZEALAND HERESY-HUNTERS

THE publisher of the *Maoriland Worker* has been prosecuted on a charge of blasphemous libel for having republished portions of Siegfried Sassoon's poem, 'Stand To: Good Friday Morning,' which appeared in London three years ago, among the contents of his book, *War Poems*, without protest. The New Zealand authorities, however, have not quite such open minds, and the grand jury has found a true bill. In addressing the jury the judge said: —

The question is whether, having regard to the religious and sacred nature of the subject dealt with, the language is — to borrow an expression from the code — decent. The subject matter of the language upon which the indictment is founded will, undoubtedly, be considered as religious and sacred. . . . You will see that the words formed part of a poem by Siegfried Sassoon, entitled 'Stand To: Good Friday Morning,' following another poem, 'The Glory of Women.' The words of the indictment are the concluding lines of the first poem.

The 'setting' is of importance. It may be described as realistic. It is a war poem, and one view of it may be that the author is endeavoring to depict the awful conditions of life in the trenches — their deadening and depressing influence on body and mind, and what they may lead to. He hints at the wearing night-duty; no sooner over, than a sudden call to 'stand to' is heard, compelling a return, for which neither body nor mind is prepared, through the water and mud of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trenches, to meet an attack already begun. Then, with the thought that it is Good Friday, and in a state of mental frenzy, he ejaculates the words charged in the indictment.

*

THE POLITICAL IMPLICATIONS OF TAGORE'S NEW PLAY

The Waterfall, a new play by Rabindranath Tagore, is printed in full in the May number of the *Modern Review*, of Calcutta. It is a poetic drama, scarcely adapted for the stage and, to tell the truth, hard to understand; for there are constant changes of scene and innumerable characters, all talking symbolically, and the whole drama is tinged with mysticism. When one lays down the play, the suggestion irresistibly presents itself that more is meant here than meets the eye.

Is Tagore shrouding a pitiless criticism of modern England under an unusually thick veil of symbolism? Does one catch a glimpse here and there of political feelings? But the poet did not join the Noncoöperators. There are only a few passages on which finger can be laid, and yet the general impression left by the drama is of protest — and of very definite protest, directed either specifically against the British *raj*, or at the very least against the reign of the machine in modern life.

The Waterfall tells the story of Ranajit, king of Uttarakut, whose royal engineer, Bibhuti, has at last succeeded in building an embankment across the waterfall called Muktadhārā, which means 'Free Current.' His achievement means disaster for the people of Shiutarai, who live farther downstream. The Crown Prince of Uttarakut — sent, like the Prince of Wales, by his father — travels abroad in the land and, learning that he is actually a foundling who was picked up near the source of Muktadhārā, comes to feel a profound spiritual relationship with the waterfall. When he learns that Muktadhārā has been dammed, it comes, in Tagore's own words, 'as a challenge to himself personally; for to him the current of this waterfall has become an objective counterpart of his inner life.' He realizes that his official responsibilities are the real hindrances to his spiritual freedom; they are alien to his inner self. He casts aside the life of the palace. He goes forth with the object of loosing the prisoned water, and he succeeds; but in the effort he loses his life. Throughout the play the gaunt outline of a great machine, devised by the engineer to complete his work, towers in the background like a symbol of the modern age.

The publication of such a play immediately after the tour of the Prince of Wales suggests that the great Bengali poet, who long ago renounced his English knighthood, is subtly commenting on the political problems of modern India; but so dexterously has he refrained from definite propaganda that it is impossible to take anything from the play save a general impression that it tends in this direction.

At the end there is an ambiguous note by the author: —

> The name 'Free Current' is sure to give rise in the readers' minds to the suspicion that it has a symbolic meaning — that it represents all that the word 'freedom' signifies in human life. This interpretation will appear to be still more obvious when it is seen that the machine referred to in the play has stopped the flow of its water.
>
> While acknowledging that there is no great harm in holding the view that this play has some symbolical element in its construction, I must ask my readers to treat it as a representation of a concrete fact of psychology.

And all this may mean much or little, as the reader wills — which is probably what the dramatist intended.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

INGE, WILLIAM RALPH. *The Victorian Age.* The Rede Lecture at Cambridge University. Cambridge University Press, 1922. 2*s.* 6*d.*

[John Bailey in the *Times*]

THE courage of the Dean is not a mixture of soft-hearted and soft-headed eccentricity. It is not enough for him that his courage should be the courage of his convictions: it must also be the courage of his brains, his common sense, his serious thought and knowledge. Those things do not make a man infallible; but they do make what he says worth listening to. It is only when he goes outside them, or when he attacks the Labor Party, of which in all probability he knows very little, that his words, though all the more quoted, are the less worth quoting.

But within these limitations, and with the necessary exceptions, he is at once one of the bravest and one of the most interesting thinkers of the day. He holds one of the most dignified positions in the Church of England, and is probably the most interesting man, except one, who has held it since the Reformation.

Now, in this Rede Lecture, he exhibits what may, perhaps, be a more difficult courage still — that of his elderliness. He is over sixty, and was over forty when Queen Victoria died — that is, he is a Victorian; and he is not in the least anxious to conceal it. On the contrary, he rejoices in the opportunity afforded to him by this lecture of giving a very vigorous defense of the faith that is in him, and incidentally showing, as he has often shown before, his thorough understanding of the military doctrine that the best defense is lively offensive.

Like every other age, the Victorian left unsolved problems, which it never saw to be problems, to its successor. The worst of them is not the low wages, or even the long hours, which make so much talk, but the one on which the Dean rightly lays all his stress — the monotony of life under the industrial system, which has evolved a kind of workman who has nothing to do which he can take pride or pleasure in doing. To that the Victorian Age was almost wholly blind, in spite of Ruskin.

Does anybody to-day really doubt that the Victorian Age, as a whole, ranks, as Dean Inge says, with the Elizabethan as the greatest this country has known?

In particular, who doubts the greatness of its literature? The notion that all or most of the young doubt it, is, so far as my experience goes, a complete delusion; in fact, I fancy nobody does, except those who, knowing none but contemporary literature, are no judges of that, and still less of any other. The last of all to doubt it are, I suspect, those who care most for what is finest in the literature of to-day. Go, for instance, to the people who know that few poets have given us a more sensitive and delicate interpretation, whether of nature or of spirit, than Mr. de la Mare, and that there are few novels in which the powers of imagination and style are exhibited as they are in those of Mr. Conrad. Will you find them either scorning or ignoring the great Victorians?

[*Observer*]

THERE were giants in those days, beyond a question, and the dearth of commanding figures in our present society is a commonplace without dissent. But should we forget that the settled perspective of half a century in which we can so clearly distinguish so many forms of greatness is very different from the confined and obstructed view that we enjoy of our own surroundings? After all, the Victorians took a long time to recognize many of their giants, and would have disputed the dimensions of some of them even to the very end. We are not quite sure of the validity of the 'beauty competition' that Dean Inge so piquantly suggests as a test of human quality; but the list of names that he supplies for a Victorian portrait gallery might be annotated from contemporary opinion with anything but reverential praise.

Would it be unfair to say that the representative intelligence of fifty years ago regarded Browning as a crabbed and obscure versifier, Darwin as an underminer of the faith, Ruskin as an amusing and irascible crank, Burne-Jones as anæmic; that it was blinded to the quality of Newman and Manning by the distaste for their perversion, and appreciated the art of Tennyson and Watts chiefly for those eupeptic radiations which we feel to-day to be its least estimable quality? The elect, of course, knew; but how does one know the elect? Where is the jury that could be trusted to make sure that our generation will or will not leave its quota of lofty figures to command the obeisance of the next?

In one respect, we feel sure, Dean Inge is seriously mistaken, and that is when he speaks of 'the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians,' with allusion, it may be assumed, to the more analytical portraiture applied to them by one or more modern students of their lives. This movement, and the welcome it has evoked, are not in any sense a revolt against greatness and virtue, but only against the conventionalized perfection in which the Victorian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

biographer felt it obligatory to present his subjects.

TINAYRE, MARCELLE. *Le Bouclier d'Alexandre.* Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1922. 4*fr.* 90.

[*L'Opinion*]

IN a firm, strong fashion — in contrast with that of a good many of her professional brothers and sisters — Mme. Marcelle Tinayre tells an agreeable story whose scene is laid in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, who lived in his magnificent villa at Tibur, surrounded by philosophers, archæologists, and artists, with a hearty contempt for those whom to-day we should call 'snobs,' and with whom no fault could be found had he been nothing but a patrician.

To our modern way of thinking, there is a certain degree of baseness in a leader of the people who prefers to surroundings of state and the duties of a chief the life of a dilettante, no matter how refined. Mme. Marcelle Tinayre seems to be of this opinion herself, for her sympathies go out to her hero Chrysanthe, a mystic and a man of action, who scandalizes the tolerant, skeptical, gilded society of that time when the joy of living was predominant — at least if we are to believe M. Renan — of which Mme. Marcelle Tinayre gives us an excellent picture. He engages in an adventure which it would be too bad to recount here, and which is admirably devised. It seems as though criticism does not accord Mme. Tinayre all that is her due. Her last novels have been of the finest quality, and this is the best that has appeared for a long time.

STRACHEY, LYTTON. *Books and Characters: French and English.* London: Chatto and Windus. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

ONE of those rare critics in whom insight governs sentiment, Mr. Lytton Strachey is wholly concerned to tell the truth; so that his work is a perpetual refreshment to intelligent people who appreciate literature and character alike. Here, indeed, is the true office of the critic; for, unless by virtue of his skilled researches and his trained perception he can discover and present new aspects, what is the use of him? It has long been the custom among critics and professors to classify writers and to label them, like objects in a museum. . . .

True criticism, according to that profound and subtle philosopher, Signor Benedetto Croce, consists in the recognition of a work of art, as such, quite apart from the personality of the artist or the circumstances in which it came into being. 'For, after all,' writes Mr. Strachey, 'art is not a superior kind of chemistry, amenable to the rules of scientific induction. Its component parts cannot be classified and tested, and there is a spark within it which defies foreknowledge. . . . It is the business of the poet to break rules and to baffle expectation; and all the masterpieces in the world cannot make a precedent.'

Mr. Strachey, it will be observed, is not of the professional party whose occupation is the tying-on of labels. His admirable essay on 'Racine' is an example of the true criticism, which, disdaining to follow accepted opinion, delineates a work of art from direct observation; thus enabling the student to see what, in default of it, he would very likely be unable to discern. The instance of Racine is particularly pertinent, for the English mind finds a natural difficulty in arppeciating French classic art. Mr. Strachey's essays upon French literature and drama — his 'Racine,' 'Madame du Deffand,' 'Voltaire,' 'Rousseau,' and that amazing creature, 'Henri Beyle' — endow the reader with a new and an illuminating perception of beauty and of character.

✤

BOOKS MENTIONED

BINYON, LAURENCE. *The Thousand Buddhas.* London: Bernard Quaritch, 1922. £7 10*s.*

KEUN, MADAME ODETTE. *Sous Lénine: Notes d'une femme déportée en Russie par les Anglais.* Paris: Flammarion, 1922. 7*fr.*

KRNIC, IVAN. *Tales.* Agram, Croatia, Yugoslavia: Knjizara L. Hartmann. 13*kr.*

SITWELL, EDITH. *Façade.* Published by the author, 22 Pembridge-mansions, Moscow-road, London W. 2. 7*s.* 6*d.*

SITWELL, EDITH (Editor). *Wheels: A Sixth Cycle.* London: C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 1921. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SQUIRE, J. C. *Poems: Second Series.* London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. 6*s.* net.

STEIN, SIR AUREL. *Serindia: Detailed Report of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China.* Five Volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Humphrey Milford, 1922. £12 12*s.* net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1819

1922

WM. B. CLARK, President

More than a Century of Service

Fire	Leasehold	Tourists' Baggage
Marine	Use and Occupancy	Salesmen's Samples
Automobile	Profits	Transit Floaters
Tornado	Sprinkler Leakage	Automobile Truck Transit
Rent	Registered Mail	Explosion
Rental Value	Parcel Post	Riot and Civil Commotion

Losses Paid in 103 Years over $210,000,000

AGENTS AT ALL IMPORTANT POINTS

.ife and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson

By BLISS PERRY

"For all Americans, and not for Bostonians one, the life of Major Higginson has an unusual terest. He was a veteran of the Civil War, a ublic-spirited citizen and business man, a gen- ous patron of education, and he founded and r nearly forty years maintained the Boston mphony Orchestra, which has been pronounced e equal of any similar organization in Europe. ofessor Perry has made skilful use of the abun- nce of material for this volume that was placed his hands." — *Review of Reviews.*

***Illustrated*, $4.00**

HE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

Boston (17), Mass.

A Magnificent Farce

and Other Diversions of a Book-Collector

By A. EDWARD NEWTON

Author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting"

"A book of books which has attained the remarkable success of being among non-fiction best sellers. Its success lies in the fact that it is highly entertaining, intensely personal and always delightfully informal. It is the story of Mr. Newton's browsings in books and observations of the political and business world while collecting books."— *The Continent.*

Third edition, illustrated, $4.00

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC. L. A. 7-8-22
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $.....and mail, postpaid,.....copies

A Magnificent Farce

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

WHY FRANCE HAS CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE
Ernest Lavisse

A TRAGIC 'SCOOP' — *Alfred von Wegger*
The Premature Mobilization Report in Germany

KOREAN BACKGROUNDS — *A Missionary*

THE RED ARMY'S OATH TO THE COLORS
A Moscow Correspondent

LOTUS LIFE OF MACAO — *Rodney Gilbert*

HOW AMERICA WAS REALLY DISCOVERED — *Henry Vignaud*

MYSELF AND MY ISLANDS. *An Impromptu* — *Sir James Barrie*

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC ORDER — *Ivan Krnic*
A Story from the Balkans

CONVERSATIONS IN A PERSIAN GARDEN
A Persian's Opinions on English Literature — *A Correspondent*

GEORGE SAND'S DÉBUT IN 'FIGARO' — *Marcel Laurent*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name.....

Address..... *City*.....

7-8-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED